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ART AND THE MORALISTS: MR. D. H. LAWRENCE'S WORK.

I.

The instinct of men to moralize their actions, and of society to confine in a theoretical network of ethical concepts the whole heaving mass of human activities, is fundamental. The suspicion with which ethics views art—exemplified by Plato's casting of the poets out of the Republic—indicates men's unwillingness to let this framework of moral rules and social conventions (which bulges obligingly this way and that according to particular requirements) be challenged by aesthetic representations which may invalidate it. Both the Governments and the "average citizen" are never quite easy about the activities of the artists and poets who are likely to be innovating forces. Thus a Byron or a Shelley may suddenly scatter far and wide, in their poems, the seeds of the French Revolution; or an Ibsen may appear whose "Doll's House" may undermine the *bourgeois* conception of marriage; or a Tolstoy may arise, whose interpretation of Christian ethics may threaten the structure of the State. The efforts of the State or Society to stamp as "immoral" powerful representations of life often as not recoil on the authorities' heads,—as in the case of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Since the suppression of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's novel, "The Rainbow," last year, in unusual circumstances, called forth a weighty testimonial to its merits from Mr. Arnold Bennett, I shall not here comment on the case. Certain books excite the ordinary mind unduly, and it was the unseemly scandal made over "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure" that brought Thomas Hardy to lay down his magic wand of fiction. In glancing at Mr. Lawrence's two volumes of poems, I should like to indicate why his talent is one of the most interesting and uncompromising literary forces of recent years.

Briefly, he is the poet-psychologist of instincts, emotions, and moods that it is needless to try and moralize. Society's network of ethical concepts is constantly challenged by the spectacle of our passionate human

impulses. Take the spectacle of two armies of men struggling to destroy one another. Society moralizes their actions by the single word "patriotism," and glorifies slaughter by emphasizing their "heroic" virtues. But other artists, such as Tolstoy and Garshin, arise whose pictures of war show us its crimes against Humanity.

But the more nakedly and vividly does the pure artist of Mr. Lawrence's type depict the slipping of the leash which holds in the animal impulses, and the more he catches the terror of scenes of carnage, the more does the ordinary man look askance at him. Why? Because the artist has torn aside the "idealistic" veils which conceal the depths of the world of seething passions. But should the artist stamp with a terrible beauty the upheaval of these elemental emotions, what then? The moralists will be very wroth with him. It is difficult to moralize the beauty of passion and the leaping fire of the senses. Accordingly, the moralists try and turn the flank of such an artist by asserting either that his work is without "high ideals," or that the æsthetic representation of such sensations is not art of "high rank," or that it has deleterious effects on the reader. But has it deleterious effects on our human consciousness? I believe that the true answer to such objectors—who are, to-day, legion—is that they do both literature and morals a grave disservice by striving to confine æsthetic representations within too narrow a circle, and that by seeking to fetter and restrain the artist's activities they cripple art's function of deepening our consciousness and widening our recognitions. If the Rev. S. P. Rowe has his place, so also has Boccaccio. We must not forget that the moralists have always special ends in view, and very little would be left us if they had had their will in every age and could to-day truncate and lop and maim literary and æsthetic classics at their pleasure. Euripides and Aristophanes, Rabelais, Molière, Voltaire, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, Fielding, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Sterne, Flaubert, Maupassant, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Whitman, Tolstoy himself,—all have been condemned and charged with "immoral" tendencies by the moralists, who may be answered shortly: "Your conception of 'the good' is too narrow. In your hands æsthetic delineations of the passions would become tame as domestic fowls." Thus Art would

thereby lend itself to the propagation of flat untruth. This, indeed, is what frequently happens in literature. Representations of life are over-idealized or over-moralized, as the "heroic" aspects of War by the lyrical poets; and another class of artists, the realists, have to be called in to redress the balance and paint the terrible, bestial, heart-rending side, which the European nations are experiencing to-day. And as with War so with Love. Mr. Lawrence, by his psychological penetration into Love's self-regarding impulses and passionate moods, supplements our "idealistic" valuations of its activities and corrects their exaggeration by conventionalized sentiment. The "idealistic" valuations of Love have their high abiding place in literature, unassailable as in life; but, under cover of their virtual monopoly of our Anglo-Saxon attention, we see the literary field of to-day covered with brooding swarms of sugary, sentimental erotics, artificial in feeling, futile and feeble and false as art. I am not concerned here to stigmatize these cheap sentimental sweets that cloy and vitiate the public palate, but to point out that their universal propagation coincides with a veiled hostility to the Beautiful, and the consequent impoverishment of our spiritual life. The harmful effects of the over-development of material progress with its code of utilitarian standards is shown by the artificial and parasitic position in which poetry and art are thrust in the modern community. Our poets and artists are kept, so to say, as a sect of *dilettanti*, apart, ministering to scholarly æstheticism or drawing-room culture, and are disregarded in the central stir and heat of worldly activities. And our spiritual life, bound up and entangled in the wheels and mechanism of our worldly, intellectual, or scientific interests, is conscious of being stunted, of being cheated of its rightful æsthetic enrichment. And the general abasement of Art in public eyes, its parasitic and artificial status, runs parallel with that progressive aspersion cast on "the life of the senses," that is, of our sensuous perceptions, with the implication that it is somehow or other divisible from our "spiritual" life.* Which is absurd.

* In "A History of American Literature since 1870," Prof. F. L. Pattee writes: "Beauty to Keats is only that which brings delight to the senses . . . he turned in disgust from the England about him . . . to the world of sensuous delight where selfishly he might swoon away in a dream of beauty."

Mr. Lawrence in his two volumes, "Love Poems, and Others" and "Amores," comes to-day to redress the balance. As a poet he rehabilitates and sets before us, as a burning lamp, passion—a word which, in the sense of ardent and tumultuous desire, has almost shed to the vulgar mind its original enrooted implication of *suffering*. His love poems celebrate the cry of spirit to flesh and flesh to spirit, the hunger and thrill and tumult of love's desires in the whole whirling circle of its impetus from flame to ashes, its swift reaching out to the anguished infinity of warring nature,—his love poems, I say, restore to passion the creative rapture that glows in the verse of Keats. And his spiritual synthesis of passion's leaping egoism, its revolt against finite ties and limitations, its shuddering sense of inner disharmonies and external revulsions, its winged delight in its own motion, declare its superior intensity of vital energy to the poetry of his English contemporaries. I do not wish to exaggerate the qualities of Mr. Lawrence's verse. His range of mood is very limited, his technique is hasty, his vision turns inward, self-centred; but in concentration of feeling, in keenness, one might almost say in fierceness of sensation, he seems to issue from those tides of emotional energy which surge in the swaying ocean of life. Shall we say that the source of his power is this quivering fire of intensity, which like a leaping flame at night in a garden throws back the darkness in a chiaroscuro of shapes and colors and movements, from the rustling earth to the starlit sky? So the poet's imagery is steeped in primary emotional hues,—moods of pity or cruelty, passionate yearning, sorrow, fear, tenderness, aching desire, remorse, anguish. This imagery springs direct from his sensations and is born of his momentary emotional vision, not of his cultivated, imaginative reflections, unlike that of the majority of our talented *dilettanti* poets. It carries with it to a remarkable degree the feeling, the atmospheric impression, of nature in the passing moment. But we must quote an example:

A BABY ASLEEP AFTER PAIN.

As a drenched, drowned bee
Hangs numb and heavy from a bending flower,
So clings to me
My baby, her brown hair brushed with wet tears
And laid against her cheek;
Her soft white legs hanging heavily over my arm,
Swinging heavily to my movement as I walk.

My sleeping baby hangs upon my life,
Like a burden she hangs on me.
She has always seemed so light,
But now she is wet with tears and numb with pain
Even her floating hair sinks heavily,
Reaching downwards;
As the wings of a drenched, drowned bee
Are a heaviness, and a weariness.

This, so simple, so spontaneous, and apparently effortless, holds all the felicity of the moment in the emotional mood. And while psychologically true, the poet's rendering of a sensuous impression is most spiritual in its appeal. But here I must pause, and turn to some consideration of Mr. Lawrence's work in creative fiction.

II.

It was evident to a critical eye that with "The White Peacock" (1911) a new artistic force was stirring in fiction. Curiously, those qualities of "realism" and "naturalism" both, that had been solemnly exorcised with book, candle, and bell in many professorial admonitions, reappeared here in company with intense poetic susceptibility and with an evident delight in the exuberance of nature. There was nothing here of M. Zola's "false naturalism" or of his "scientific reporting"; on the contrary, the artist's fault lay in the unchastened vivacity of his thronging impressions and rioting emotions. The story, one of country life, traces at length the subtle degeneration of the young farmer, George, who, slow and inexperienced in woman's ways, takes the wrong girl to wife. The book in its frank and unabashed imaginative fecundity and luxuriant coloring, is a baffling one: an extraordinary intimacy with the feminine love instincts is blended with untrammelled psychological interest in the gamut of the passions. But a certain over-bold, lush immaturity, a certain sprawling laxity of taste, confused the outlines. The youthful artist evidently did not know where to be silent, or how to select and concentrate his scenes. These faults were less in evidence in "The Trespasser" (1912), the tale of a sensitive, frail, and ardent man's fleeting amour with a girl, superficial and cold in nature, who is dallying with passion. The same intense susceptibility to physical impressions, the same vibrating joy in sensuous feelings, were repeated here in a solo on erotic strings. The atmosphere is heavy with the odor of meadow-sweet, which is suddenly dissipated by the shock of tragedy. Sigismund's suicide, and

the settling down again of his forgetful suburban family into the tame stream of its *bourgeois* commonplaceness, are painted with inflexible sincerity and great psychological acumen. An occasional commonness both of language and tone is, however, at variance with the artist's intensity of perception. But Mr. Lawrence silenced his critics by his third novel, "Sons and Lovers," an epic of family life in a colliery district, a piece of social history on a large canvas, painted with a patient thoroughness and bold veracity which both Balzac and Flaubert might have envied. The central theme, an unhappy working-class marriage, a woman's struggle to rear her children while sustained by her strong puritanical spirit, develops later into a study of her maternal aversion to surrendering her son to another woman's arms. The theme is dissected in its innermost spiritual fibres with an unflinching and loving exactitude, while the family drama is seen against an impressive background of the harsh, driving realities of life in a colliery district. This novel is really the only one of any breadth of vision in contemporary English fiction that lifts working-class life out of middle-class hands, and restores it to its native atmosphere of hard veracity. The mining people, their mental outlook, ways of life, and habits, and the woof of their domestic joys and cares, are contrasted with some country farming types in a neighboring village, where the smoky horizon of industrialism merges, to the passionate eyes of a girl and boy in love, in the magic of quiet woods and pastures. The whole treatment is unerringly true and spiritually profound, marred a little by a feeling of photographic accuracy in the narrative and by a lack of restraint in some of the later love scenes. The main theme, a life-conflict between husband and wife, is handled again in a tragedy, "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd" (1914), a drama intensely human in its passionate veracity. This is a study, intimately observed, of powerful primitive types, first shown with the hot breath of anger in the nostrils, and then with the starkness, pallor, and rigidity of death. Contrasted with the puerile frivolity and catchy sensationalism of the London stage, this drama stands like one of Meunier's impressive figures of Labor amid the marble inanities of a music-hall *foyer*. In his volume of short stories, "The Prussian Officer" (1914), the intensity

of the poet-psychologist's imagination triumphs over the most refractory material. Again it is the triumph of passion thrilling both flesh and spirit, making the material of life subservient to itself, forcing its way from smoky darkness to light through the eager cells of nature. Whether it be the sustained lust of cruelty in the rigid Prussian officer, or the flame of sick misery leaping to revenge in the heart of the young Bavarian orderly; or the cruel suspense and agony of pain in the mutual confession of love of the young miner and the vicar's daughter; or the bitterness of ironic regret of the lovers who have fallen asunder in "The Shades of Spring"; or hate and suffering in a wife's reckless confession of her past in "Shadow in the Rose Garden"; in each of the dozen tales it is the same poetic realization of passion's smouldering force, of its fusion of aching pleasure and pain in the roots of sexual life, the same twinness of senses and soul in the gathering and the breaking waves of surging emotion.

And here is the secret of the individual quality and the definite limitations of Mr. Lawrence's vision. Like a tree on a hot summer noon, his art casts a sharp, fore-shortened shadow. His characters do not pass far outside that enchanted circle of passion in and round which they move. That this circle is narrow compared with the literary field, say, of a Maupassant, is I think due to Mr. Lawrence's poetical intensity restricting his psychological insight. And his emotional intensity, again, is indissolubly one with his sensuous impressionability. And here we may pick up again the dropped thread of our opening remarks about the suspicion with which the moralists always view art. The attack on the literature of passions (and indirectly on sensuous beauty itself which feeds the passions) is generally conducted on the line of argument that such literature is in opposition to the "higher and more spiritual" instincts of mankind. The reply is that each specimen of such literature can only be judged according to the relation and the equilibrium, established by the artist, between the morality of nature and the morality of man. In the love life the struggle is endless between the fundamental instinct of sexual attraction and the narrowing instincts of worldly prudence and family and social duty. In seeking to cripple or suppress the litera-

ture of the passions, the moralists are tipping up the "idealistic" scale unduly to the detriment of the fundamental human instincts; and this reacts injuriously, just as does the ascetic vilification of the "body," on the spiritual life. The greater the triumph of materialism and industrial squalor in our commercialized society, the more contempt is poured on the "world of sensuous delight" and the less regard paid to Art, Poetry, and æsthetic Beauty. So Keats is indicted, as we have seen, of "selfishly swooning away in a dream of beauty"! And whom would the moralists who cut off the truthful delineation of the passions on the ground that such leads to sensuous indulgence,—whom would the moralists put in Keats's place? This is what we ask also in the case of Mr. Lawrence's work, which, as I have said, restores to "passion" shades of its original meaning of *suffering*. His lovers are not those bright young people of the popular novel whose idea of love seems to be inseparably connected with success and worldly prosperity and having a nice house and being envied by their neighbors. His lovers are shaken, they suffer; to them is revealed the significance of things: they have to pass through much and endure much in attaining or missing their passionate desire. Theirs are spiritual experiences, not merely "sensuous gratification," as the moralists so glibly phrase it. And therefore Mr. Lawrence's representation of the sensuous and animal strands and instincts in our nature needs, I say, no moralization. These elements exist,—they are, in a sense, the foundation on which our moral being has been slowly reared; and the artist who can draw (and few there are who can) a truthful representation of our passionate impulses, kept under or leaping into action, takes an indispensable place in literature. In the literature that explores the relations between the morality of nature, as expressed in the activity of sexual feeling and worldly conduct, Mr. Lawrence's fiction takes a high place. His story, "Daughters of the Vicar," is an admirable analysis of the frequent clash between the two; and the sketches called "Second Best" and "Shadow in the Rose Garden" reestablish the necessary equilibrium so flagrantly disturbed by the moralists in their exaltation of the "idealistic" scale. Such studies, to which one may add "The Christening" and "The White Stocking," at best

make an appeal to our fundamental consciousness that "the good" as conceived by the moralists confines to too narrow a circle our tides of emotional energies; and this vindication of "passion" in these stories appears to take its rise in the instinct for racial health. But I have said enough on this head, and will only add that those who challenge the right to existence of such works of art would penetrate to their vulnerable side if they left the road of "morals" and took the path of "taste."

EDWARD GARNETT.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Much is being said in Europe about a proposed "War after the War,"—an attempt by the Allies, if they are victorious, to prevent a repetition of the ante-bellum commercial invasion by Germany. Along this same line, but in a much less reprehensible spirit, is the suggested organized effort on the part of the French intellectuals to combat Teutonic influence, or rather to spread Latin influence, by a better equipment of the French publishing world. This is the aim of the recently founded Comité du Livre. The father of the idea seems to have been the late Gaston Maspero, the distinguished French Egyptologist, who declared that what he had in view was "to uphold the prestige of French thought, especially abroad." It is also intended to establish similar committees in foreign countries, and thus to form "an intellectual federation destined to oppose everywhere German preponderance." A special effort is to be made to win the support of the United States, "which has shown by the sacrifice of its time, money, and even the life of its citizens, a warm sympathy for our country." Another object of the committee is to open at Paris a "Museum of Books and French Thought," where, among other things, will be given series of lectures and prizes for creditable publications. Of prime importance will be "the diffusion in foreign parts, particularly among the Anglo-Saxon nations, of French musical editions destined to supplant German editions." This is a blow direct at Leipsic. Another effort will be centred in the drawing up of bibliographies "devoted to France alone and which will give the titles of the best books on sale in all branches of literature." In this connection, Professor Maurice Croiset, President of the College of France, and a prominent member

of the Comité du Livre, remarks: "It is deplorable that to-day when one wants certain ancient or modern authors, you are forced to turn to foreign editions of them." The committee intends also to issue annually three special catalogues,—one devoted to children's books, one to works for scholars and students, and a third, which should be particularly excellent, being French, and for which has been chosen this happy old 18th century title, "Bibliothèque de l'Homme de Goût."

The future Museum will be both retrospective and contemporary. In fact, such a Museum was proposed in Paris in 1894, when the papers took up the suggestion and a committee was appointed to carry it out. But that was as far as the project went in France. The wide-awake Germans, however, immediately took in hand what the French had abandoned, and five years later Leipsic carried it out on a grand scale. Commenting thereon, the promoters of the present project ask: "If Germany has her Gutenberg, and Belgium her Plantin, should not France, and especially Paris, be proud of their Etiennes, their Didots, and all their other book glories?"

Another work of the Comité du Livre is to be the drawing up of a catalogue of all French books suited for foreign parts, "especially for the public of the United States." It should be noted, by the way, how often and in what a friendly spirit our country is mentioned in all these preliminary documents concerning this whole project. It appears that more than 3000 titles are already listed, and this catalogue will eventually include "all the modern books on sale by French publishers." In addition, as I have already said, special catalogues are contemplated "in order to combat efficaciously the immense advertisement made of the intellectual production of Germany by the 30,000 catalogues distributed free each year among the book-sellers of the two hemispheres by the aid of the grand commission houses of Leipsic."

But the most important immediate labor of the committee has been the organization of a Book Congress, about which M. Jacques de Dampierre, the learned paleographic archivist, the general secretary of the committee, wrote me as follows last summer:

The meeting which we held last April at Lyons should not be given the grand name of Congress, as was done by the newspapers, for it was simply a preparation for the real Congress, which will be held this coming fall at Paris, and the arrangements for which are now being made by a special committee of six members, two from our Comité du Livre, two from the Society of Men of Letters, and two from the Paris Publishers' Club. We shall not aim to make it an international gathering but shall confine

our attention exclusively to our French publishers. The Congress already promises to be a marked success. America has done so much for us in our present difficulties that I hesitate to call the attention of some of your rich fellow countrymen to this purely French intellectual enterprise.

But if any Americans should wish to subscribe to the expenses of the undertaking, the address of M. de Dampierre and the Committee's office is 101 Rue du Bac, Paris.

This Comité du Livre is not the only instance of the intellectual side of France coming prominently to the fore in the midst of her dire calamities. Perhaps a still more characteristic example of this is the discussion that has been going on all over the country, both in the newspapers and in the drawing-rooms, concerning the elision or the non-elision of the first *a* in the title of M. Pierre Loti's latest book. "*La Hyène Enragée*" (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 3 frs. 50), an English edition of which has been arranged for, is made up of a number of articles on various episodes of the war, which articles first appeared in different Paris journals. But perhaps it may be said that the most interesting thing about this book is the phonetic discussion which it has provoked, and which is well set forth and perhaps settled in the following extract from a letter which I have received from Professor Paul Passy, one of the best authorities in France on these questions and known for a "*Phonetic Dictionary*," published, let it be noted in passing, in Germany, "so that I cannot get a copy for you":

About *la hyène* and *l'hyène* a great deal of rubbish has been written. It is really not at all a matter of aspirated or non-aspirated *h*. It is simply that initial *y* or *i* before a vowel is often treated as a consonant, and, so far as I can observe, tends to be treated so more and more; so that there is neither *liaison* nor *élision* before it. In well-established commonly-used words, such as *yeux*, the old usage prevails, and everybody pronounces the *s* of *les* in *les yeux*. But in comparatively new or rare words the tendency is to treat *y* as a consonant: *la yole*, *le yak*, *le yacht*. In these words the spelling may have had some influence. But a more characteristic word is *iode*. Formerly I used always to hear *de l'iodé*; now I often hear *du iode*. The case of initial *w* or *ou* before a vowel is exactly parallel; *la ouate* tends to supplant *l'ouate*. In the case of *hyène*, the acting of this general tendency is probably reinforced by the spelling. As a matter of fact, although one generally reads *l'hyène* in books, I have always or almost always heard *la hyène*. It certainly is the common pronunciation. I can only praise Pierre Loti for having given it a literary consecration.

In this connection perhaps I may call attention to a clever little poem, "*Licence Poétique*," which turns on the aspiration or the non-aspiration of the *h*, and is published in Paul Fort's new volume, "*Deux Chau-*

mières" (Paris: Monnier, 2 frs.). This work forms the eighteenth volume of his "Ballades Françaises," but does not seem attuned exactly to the spirit of the moment. The explanation, however, is given on the next to the last page, where we read: "This book was stopped here by the war."

But at present it is not the writers of established reputation who are the favorites of the publishers and the public. The academicians have given way to the soldier-authors, and the books which come from the trenches are more popular than those which come from the study. Thus, "Sous Verdun" (Paris: Hachette, 3 frs. 50) is a first book which, however, is now in its twelfth edition. When the war broke out, the author of this book was a second-year student at the Paris Superior Normal School, the great nursery of French university professors, and had just finished a study of Maupassant, which is still in manuscript. The young soldier remained at the front until the end of April of last year, when he received three wounds, one of which was so serious that his left hand was paralyzed, and he is now working in the Paris office of the Fatherless Children of France. He informs me that he expects soon to publish a continuation of this volume, which is in many respects one of the best war books I have seen and the first of its kind, so far as I know, which has been troubled by the military censor. Passages have been suppressed in the middle of paragraphs, and here and there whole pages are in white. The explanation is that the narrative covers the operations around Verdun at the very beginning of the war, and the book appeared in the midst of the unsuccessful attempts of the Germans to take the fortress. It was evidently feared that the mention of certain names of persons and places, and certain statements, might aid the enemy. These blanks are at times somewhat irritating, though they do add an interest to the book by piquing the curiosity.

"Lettres d'un Soldat" (Paris: Chapelot, 2 frs.) is also to be recommended to those who are reading French war literature. It is the tenderest book I have read. We have here a small collection of letters from a young painter who has "disappeared,"—an euphemism for one who is buried in an unknown grave or who has been burned in the lugubrious cremations which follow most of these awful battles now in progress. These letters, sent almost daily to a deeply beloved mother, are of a beautifully gentle nature and are a terrible arraignment of a civilization which forces such a delicate poetic character as was

this youth to participate in the horrible warfare of the western front. Even the most stoical cannot read, without tears welling to the eyes, these notes addressed to "my dearest mama," or "cherished mother," or "very dear loved mother," or "dear, dearest mother," and written "from a cattle car," or "in the dark," or on "the fifth day in the first line," or "in the morning sunshine," or "in the midst of the battle," or "in the peace of the sabbath." And the little book closes with this, the last note ever received from the writer: "Dear mother so dear: Here we are at noon at the extreme point of attack. I send thee my whole love. Whatever happens, life has had beauty for me." The painful mystery surrounding this volume is increased by this note from the publisher in sending it to me: "I cannot give you the name of this lad, his family not wishing to reveal his identity so long as there remains a hope that he may be a prisoner of war in Germany."

The beautifully written book of the Abbé Félix Klein, "Les Douleurs qui Espèrent" (Paris: Perrin, 3 frs. 50), should be read after the foregoing, as it is a sort of spiritual sequence thereto. It is dedicated "to those who weep, to those who doubt," and is divided into two parts. The first part relates some of the tragic or pathetic episodes which have come under the prelate's eyes in the American Ambulance, the military surgical hospital near Paris, where he has served as chaplain ever since the opening of the war. The second part is entitled "Reflections," and consists of noble and comforting homilies addressed to just such heart-broken mothers as the one revealed in "Les Lettres d'un Soldat." It was my privilege to serve for some fifteen months in the same wards with Abbé Klein, and I see his whole fine character stand forth in the pages of this sad but fascinating book.

I close this little list of war books with a few words about a really remarkable novel, "Inferno" (Basel: Frobenius, 5 frs. 50), which has already been translated or is being translated into all the chief modern languages. Its author, Dr. Edward Stilgebauer, is a German subject who has had to flee his country and bring out his book in German, in Switzerland because he cannot accept the ways and methods of Prussianized Germany. The tale is indeed a scathing exposure of the evils of Teutonic militarism; and if the book finally gets into the hands of the German people, it should do much toward ending the war and ending it in the right manner. In a more general way, "Inferno" is a pow-

erful attack on the atrocities of war, and is sure to promote the cause of true internationalism. "Can you not find a great American cinematograph company which will take up my novel?" Dr. Stilgebauer writes me. I wish I could, for I am convinced that its wide presentation would do much for the world's happiness.

THEODORE STANTON.

November 1, 1916.

CASUAL COMMENT.

MARK TWAIN'S VITALITY emphasized itself in his famous utterance upon the premature report of his death. Whether even now the prevailing impression of his having ceased to contribute to our humorous literature may not have an element of exaggeration, is a query that arises on reading of his alleged performances with the Ouija-board in St. Louis, where that diverting toy has of late been playing some remarkable pranks. Perhaps it is a jest not wholly unworthy of Mark Twain himself, but we are asked to believe that he is writing a posthumous novel, "Jap Herron," and that a young woman, discreetly left unnamed, is acting as his amanuensis, with the aforementioned mechanical device as the inanimate medium of communication. At first the dictation was interrupted by interjected complaints of the lack of punctuation marks on the Ouija-board. Something like this, "Jap Herron awoke where's that comma early the next morning," would be the bewildering beginning of a sentence, until the meaning of these seeming irrelevancies was discovered and a supply of punctuation marks painted on the board, after which the narrative flowed more smoothly. But even then an apostrophe perilously near the edge of the board caused discomfort to the unseen author, who took occasion to remark, in characteristic fashion, after using this symbol, "I'm afraid of slipping off and going overboard every time I go after that thing." Accordingly it was erased and painted in at a safe distance from the edge. "That's better," was the approving comment the next time it was used. This excellent fooling, if it be no more, recalls the humorist's amusing first attempt to use the typewriter in the early days of that machine. His typewritten letter (to Mr. Howells, if memory serves) is quoted, with its characteristic interpolations of more or less abusive comment on the new device, in the biography of Mark Twain. The similarity of mood and utterance in the veritable incident to the temper and its expression in the perhaps apocryphal occurrence is striking.

THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN DRAMA are not so well known but that interest will be aroused in an exhibition arranged by the Drama League of America and the New York Public Library for the three months from November 1 to February 1, held in the main exhibition room of the Central Building. As an introduction to this event the "Branch Library News" publishes a sketch of the rise and growth of our drama by Mr. E. J. Streubel, who begins by pointing out the neglect that this subject has until recently suffered, and the consequent ignorance in regard to it that prevails. "In fact," he says, "it was only in the last decade that collectors and scholars have brought partial order out of chaos, and have revealed to the American public that we have a valuable storehouse of dramatic literature. The quest for first editions of these plays is still going on. Many have been found in isolated form, but of others the very existence is doubted. Thus we have just one copy of our first printed American play, 'Androboros' (1714), by Governor Hunter. Likewise, the famous prize play of John Augustus Stone, 'Metamora' (1829), in which Edwin Forrest, the renowned tragedian and interpreter of Indian character, starred for many years, is known to us only through records in dramatic publications, and through a few lines of dialogue in manuscript form, retained in the home of Forrest in Philadelphia." Nevertheless, in the face of the difficulties attending such a task, four notable collections of early American drama have been made,—the Harris Collection at Brown University, the Clothier Collection at the University of Pennsylvania, the New York Public Library Collection, and the Atkinson Collection. To these and other details of interest Mr. Streubel's article, illustrated with two old woodcuts, is devoted. It is announced in this connection that one of the New York theatres, which is not named, has planned a series of revivals of old American plays. . . .

AN EVENTFUL SEASON FOR COLLECTORS in this country, especially for those whose hobby is book-collecting, is now opening. For reasons only too sadly obvious, European treasures in the department of antiquities of all sorts now tend more than ever to find their way to our prosperous markets. There will be no despoiling of the Old World, but indulgence in collecting cannot there go to the same length as in the piping times of peace. Among the notable sales of the season at the great auction houses of New York and Philadelphia and Boston, a few are especially

worthy of mention. The famous print collection of Mr. Frederick R. Halsey of New York is to be sold at the Anderson Galleries, and there also the late A. M. Palmer's collection of playbills and old prints and other matter relating to actors and acting is offered to the public. Mr. John D. Crimmins's rare books and prints pertaining to early New York history are changing hands, and the collection of the late William Matthews, known to lovers of fine bindings, will be dispersed. The library of the late John Barnard Pearse of Roxbury also ends its collective existence. Among the separate items soliciting attention at the various auction houses, few are more attractive than the original edition of "Vanity Fair" to be sold at the Walpole Galleries. This book, in the original parts, with the original wrappers and the original drawings, all in excellent preservation, is an exceeding rarity; and this is said to be the best of the few extant copies. Another rarity, or rather "uniquity," of the season is that little manuscript book of poems executed in the minute hand of its author and thus lettered by her on its title-page: "A Book of Rhymes, By Charlotte Bronte. Sold by Nobody. And Printed by Herself. Haworth, Dec. 17, 1829 Anno Domino." It is in its old brown paper covers, which the little Charlotte herself sewed and lettered.

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CASH PRIZES FOR LITERARY WORK are a potent stimulus to the attainment of excellence, though not exactly the highest incentive to effort. Honesty would compel most writers to admit that it is not a pure devotion to literary art that keeps them at their task. The late F. Marion Crawford was once asked whether he held before himself, as end and ideal, the production of works of literature that would live after his death. His reply was that his chief purpose was to produce books that would enable him to live until his death. With a motive probably somewhat similar, though more altruistic, the late founder of the Columbia School of Journalism established a number of liberal prizes for literary excellence, not in journalism alone but in fiction, biography, history, and play-writing. Nine such prizes are announced by the school for the current year; they are to be awarded as follows:—"For the best example of a reporter's work, \$1000, the test being accuracy, terseness, and the accomplishment of some public good. For the best editorial, \$500, the test being clearness, moral purpose, sound reasoning, and power to influence public opinion in the right direction.

For any one idea that will promise improvement in the School of Journalism, or for the best paper on the future development of the school, \$1000. For the best history of the services rendered by the American press during the preceding year, \$1000, and a \$500 gold medal for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper. For the best book of the year on United States history, \$2000, and \$1000 each for the best American biography, novel, and play." Also five travelling fellowships of \$1500 each are to be awarded, three to graduates of the school, one to an art student recommended by the National Academy of Design, and one "to that student of music in America who may be deemed the most talented and deserving." Further information will be given by the Secretary of Columbia University.

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FRENCH ACADEMY VACANCIES, like so many other vacancies in France (and elsewhere, too, for that matter) tell a sad tale of the ravages of war. No fewer than seven empty chairs are now waiting to be filled. Within little more than two years the Academy has lost Jules Lemaitre, the Comte de Mun, Jean François Mezières, Paul Hervieu, François Charmes, Emile Faguet, and the Marquis de Ségur. Of course there is no lack of candidates for these vacancies, despite the depletion in the ranks of the best and noblest of the sons of France. M. Arthur Meyer, director of the royalist journal, "Le Gaulois," says that the candidates' names are known, though he refrains from gratifying curiosity as to the bearers of these names and ventures no prediction concerning the ultimate choice that will be made from among them. But he does say: "I shall be astonished if there are not seats reserved for the generals that shall have won the expected victory, and for the statesmen that shall have prepared that victory." He also makes it clear, without giving names, that he favors the election of M. Briand for one of the vacant chairs. That a royalist of the influence and prominence of this royalist editor should propose for the Academy one who has so plainly manifested his anti-monarchical and even socialistic views, is something that would have been a wild impossibility before the war.

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VITAL STATISTICS OF PERIODICALS, like those of human beings, show a high rate of mortality among the new-born. A certain impetus or momentum or sturdiness must in both instances be gained before the infant's future

can become in any degree assured. But how is this to be acquired by the beginning magazine? Popular support follows readily enough upon demonstrated success, but to win success popular support is precisely the thing needed. Thus the new magazine's case is much like that of the ambitious young author, who, in order to secure a publisher, must first have a successful book or two to his credit; but to gain this start he must first find a publisher. And so both he and the new magazine are caught in the inescapable vicious circle, or so it has seemed more times than a few. Last year there were 247 births in the periodical world, and 196 deaths, some of these latter being of that form of disguised decease witnessed in the merging of one publication into another of tougher fibre. The "Book Bulletin" of the Chicago Public Library touches on the difficulties of selecting its periodicals for the coming year, especially in the choice of new ones from the considerable number soliciting favor. These new selections must "represent a reasonably important phase of public interest" and also "show promise of enough vitality to survive at least during the period contracted for." Among the latest arrivals are "The Russian Review," and "Russia," and "The South American," all timely and promising. Aviation has several new "organs," one devoted almost entirely to military aircraft. Proof-reading is the subject of another new periodical, Japanese drama of still another, while the janitorial care of large buildings now has its special representative in the parliament of periodical print, and even so little inviting a theme as the new taste in cemetery art is not unrepresented. In fact, it would be difficult to name any department of human interest or activity that has not, somewhere in the world, a periodical publication devoted to it.

VOCATIONS OF THE LIBERALLY EDUCATED, that is, of those who have had a university training, are surprisingly varied. Not the least of the university's functions seems to be to awaken a student to the harsh fact that he is not qualified to shine in any of the so-called learned professions, and that his energies may best be spent in some pursuit not too severely intellectual. Of the thirty thousand or more persons who have enjoyed the benefit of study at one of our largest state universities (that of Illinois) there are now found to be 813 who are lawyers, 347 who practise medicine, and 83 who preach the gospel. In other words, the three learned professions, long accepted as preëminently

such, have claimed about three per cent of these liberally educated persons. But of course this proportion becomes considerably larger when we add those engaged in such other intellectual activities as teaching, library work, writing, scientific research, and so on. At the end of the list are found such followers of miscellaneous professions as baseball players, dieticians, barbers, brokers, floriculturists, foresters, Christian Science healers, postmasters, advertisers, nurses, mission workers, soldiers, and sailors. One woman is a professional circus rider. These interesting facts, with others no less so, are set forth in orderly array by Mr. Vergil V. Phelps in a Directory that he has compiled of the University of Illinois. A brief synopsis of the work appears in "School and Society" for Aug. 5, 1916.

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LIBRARIES IN WAR-TIME are not the least of the sufferers from the madness of a world torn with strife. Every librarian has to report more or less interruption to normal activities as a result of the clash. Typical of the situation everywhere in the library world is the condition described in the following from a late Report of the Williams College Library. It will be read with sympathy by members of the profession. "The effect of the European War has been to check to a certain degree orders for foreign importations. There are occasional long delays; binding is turned out slowly owing to a scarcity of labor; and freight shipments, particularly from Germany, have been unsafe. Three months must be allowed for German orders, two months for French. Periodicals come through by mail with a fair degree of promptness. Of the magazines, four German, four French, and one Spanish have temporarily suspended publication because of the war." The large libraries of the great cities are, of course, much harder hit than this comparatively small institution.

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WHERE TERSENESS COUNTS, and where the lack of it most often makes the judicious grieve, is in the inscription on a public monument. Austere simplicity, the brevity of the epigram without its too frequent flippancy, is here in place, whereas turgidity and an excess of comparatively unimportant detail are commonly the inscription's chief characteristics. An ancient legend — it is almost too good to be history — tells of a slab of stone marking the utmost limit of Alexander's invasion of India; and on the stone he had

caused to be engraved the words, "Here I stood." What could better have perpetuated his name and fame than that brief testimony to the might of his arms? Among latter-day writers of inscriptions the eminent ex-president of Harvard, as is well known, has shown himself a master of the pithy phrase. The Shaw Monument on Beacon Hill offers a fine example of brevity, force, and grace in its inscription. It might have been with this in mind, though it is very unlikely that it was, that Mr. Arthur C. Benson wrote his plea in a recent "Cornhill" for an appropriate memorial to the thousands of brave Englishmen who have lately given, and are still giving, their lives for their country. Not one monument alone, however elaborate and beautiful and costly, would he have, but a great number of simple and yet impressive reminders of the heroic dead in various places; and each should have its fitting inscription combining deep feeling with austere brevity of expression.

BROWNING IN INTIMATE INTERCOURSE did not make one invariable impression on all his friends. Some have described him as not in the least a poet in his manner and conversation, but rather a man of fashion and devoted to the pleasures of polite society. Others saw in him only the poet, or at most the poet and the lover. Mr. Arthur Symons declares that "Browning's whole life was divided equally between two things: love and art," and in the same article from which we quote these words (see "The North American Review" for October) the writer gives some intimate reminiscences of the poet. It is noteworthy that whereas Lord Redesdale has very lately described Browning's voice as harsh and even strident, extremely disagreeable to the ear, Mr. Symons, though admitting an unmistakable "violence of voice" in him, nevertheless adds: "It had the whole gamut of music, it vibrated, it thrilled me, by certain touches of rare magic in it." Notable also, in another respect, is this passage: "Then he spoke of a letter he had just had from Tennyson: 'it was something *sacred*, he would not on any account that it got into the newspapers; even the fact that he had it; he could not show it to us, it was too sacred.'" After all, though Browning was the last man to pose as a poet, it must have been the blindness of observers that failed to see in him what we, at a distance, see in his poems; for no man can, year in and year out, act out of his character.

The New Books.

PROBLEMS OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.*

The Harvard University Press is doing a very considerable work in reprinting the collected papers and speeches of Mr. Elihu Root. The present volume, which is only one of several, contains much matter of permanent political importance. Quite apart from the immense political experience Mr. Root has enjoyed, his is one of the ablest and most incisive minds in the United States. He has seen at first hand the process of government, and he has speculated upon the problems of its mechanism with a profundity that is unfortunately too rare in American life. The inference from his experience is a precious gift.

Mr. Root speaks from the standpoint of an individualist of the eighties, and much of what he writes must perhaps be checked by the changed conditions of our time. Yet he has a real and vivid appreciation of the business of government. He emphasizes its importance in the civic life of to-day. He realizes that it is impossible to regard it with anything like the externality of temper so characteristic of the past generation. He is not perhaps very easy in his mind at the speed with which its functions are being extended. He feels that there is a certain incompetency almost inherent in so wide a democracy as ours of the diminution of which he is not a little skeptical. He utters a brief but pregnant warning against the now popular attempt to force a transition from representative government to direct government. But he has admirable ground for his fears. "The experience of popular government," he writes, "has already made it plain that the art of self-government does not come to men by nature." That is a lesson the American people have not found it easy to learn. We have inherited from Thomas Jefferson the belief in a somewhat facile equalitarianism, and we find it difficult to believe that the slow and painful process of contact with events does, as a fact, confer a special fitness upon special men. Yet anyone who doubts the truth of this attitude has only to read the speeches of Mr. Root at the New York Constitutional Convention of 1915 to be convinced to the contrary. He will be impressed not only at the easy mastery of the processes of democracy which Mr. Root invariably evinced, but also, as in the famous speech on "invisible government," at the

*ADDRESSES ON GOVERNMENT AND CITIZENSHIP. By Elihu Root. Harvard University Press. \$2.

shrewdness which penetrates below the surface of deceptive mechanisms to the realities of human manipulation. He will become convinced that democracy depends for its success very largely on the brains and character of individuals. He will understand, as Mr. Root so continually emphasizes, that the business of democracy consists for the most part in the ability to get the right men in office, and the courage to keep them there. It is not easy to persuade the mass of men to concern themselves so far with politics as to see to it that this is done. The majority, as Mr. Root points out, "is willing to pursue a course which, if shared in by the rest of their countrymen, would bring our constitutional government to an immediate end." Half the problem of democratic government is to make its problems intelligently and arrestingly interesting to the man in the street. The reader of Mr. Root's volume will be impressed again and again by the skill with which a great problem—that of reform in legal procedure, for example, or of the place of lawyers in the modern state—is broadly and vividly sketched, so that in a brief space the logical outlines of Mr. Root's attitude are made to appear. The few short pages on the recall of judges (pp. 387-410), for instance, are on the whole the best single statement with which I am acquainted of the case against a periodic renewal of tenure. This only means, indeed, that Mr. Root is a great advocate, and that he has the lawyer's faculty of going straight to the heart of his subject. But it means also that he has devoted a rich and critical mind to the analysis of great public questions, and the result of his speculation is bound to affect our judgment of the issues he has discussed.

If I had to single out the most important contribution of the book to our present situation it would undoubtedly be the speeches in which Mr. Root deals (pp. 363-78) with the function of the States in the national life. He there expounds admirably not only the broad case for federal regulation, but also the reasons why it is simply essential that the individuality of the forty-eight local governments must be preserved. There is a law of diminishing returns at work in the area of administration, and it may be seriously questioned whether the point of saturation has not in fact been reached. "This country is too great," Mr. Root has said, "its population too numerous, its interests too vast and complicated already, to say nothing of the enormous increases that we can see before us in the future, to be governed as to the great range of our daily affairs from one central

power in Washington." That is a significant warning. It suggests that the great administrative problem which lies ahead of us is the effective mobilization of local resources. There is a real danger lest we should fail to learn the lesson to be gleaned from the over-centralization of France and the decaying intensity of parish-life in England. Rightly used, the States can be made the real salvation for the burden of administrative abundance.

There are some things in this book that one regrets. Where Mr. Root passes from the problems of government to the problems of economics, for instance, he is invariably less fruitful in suggestion, and less happy in expression. It is simply uncreative, to take the most striking example, to view the world-process of to-day as a contest between Socialism and Individualism. It is a little too simple to justify rights of property by tying them up to individual liberty.

But, when the last criticism has been made, this is an important and stimulating volume, for which we have cause to be grateful. It comes at a difficult and therefore at an opportune time. "The whole business of government," Mr. Root told the New York Bar Association in the present year, "is becoming serious, grave, threatening. No man in America has any right to rest contented and easy and indifferent; for never before, not even in the time of the Civil War, have all the energies and all the devotion of the American Democracy been [so] demanded for the perpetuity of American institutions." It is because Mr. Root has surveyed the conditions of his age so calmly, so dispassionately, and with so patient a determination to understand them that he may with certainty be said to have been responsible in no small degree for their continuous improvement.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

MEMORABILIA DIPLOMATICA.*

The contents of Mr. Seward's "Reminiscences of a War-Time Statesman and Diplomat" were put together at the close of a long life, many years after the occurrence of all the more important events with which they deal. The official career of the author covered a period of deep and impassioned emotions, the Civil War, the era of reconstruction, the contested presidential election of 1876, and the internal party disturbances

*REMINISCENCES OF A WAR-TIME STATESMAN AND DIPLOMAT, 1830-1915. By Frederick W. Seward, Assistant Secretary of State during the administrations of Lincoln, Johnson, and Hayes. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

growing out of the breaking away of President Hayes from the hitherto dominant attitude of his political associates. The author himself, together with his illustrious father, was violently assaulted and escaped assassination only by the narrowest margin, at the time when Lincoln fell. Furthermore, the record of his father, in point of ability and judgment as a cabinet minister, has been vigorously assailed by many writers during the fifty years that have passed since the close of the Civil War. Evidently here was material which might have been handled with a very vigorous and caustic pen, without occasioning any surprise to the reader. Those who have read the voluminous *Diary of Gideon Welles*, Lincoln's peppery Secretary of the Navy, will remember how many occasions he found for wielding the lash in dealing with his contemporaries of the earlier portion of the period in question.

But Mr. Seward has taken to himself in its fullest sense the scriptural injunction, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." From his vine-robed villa on the Hudson, with its tree-lined vista leading the eye down over the river and up into the distant hills beyond, come forth words only of pleasantness and peace. Why try to blow up the chance coals that may possibly still be smouldering under ashes which have had half a century to cool? There are both writers and readers who regret the loss of any possible chance for a sensation, but the coals in question have been stirred often enough to satisfy the demands of historical truth, and Mr. Seward has chosen the better part. Such a volume is useful to balance up a view which tends to become one-sided, just as the student of the Roman Empire needs to read the genial letters of the younger Pliny after the gibes of Martial, the lashes of Juvenal, and the piercing thrusts of Tacitus, not because the latter are not true, but because they are not the whole truth. If the man who felt upon his own body the blows and the knife-thrusts of the assassin can live to look upon and discuss those years dispassionately, why not the rest of us?

Mr. Seward divides his material into three parts, entitled "Before the War," "During the War," and "After the War." Readers of to-day, at all events those of the younger generation, will take most interest in the third division, with its well-told stories, first of a West Indian cruise, taken during the winter of 1865-6 to repair his father's health; then of a visit to Mexico, where his father and he were royally entertained because of the gratitude of the Mexican

government and people for the aid which the United States had rendered to them in escaping the threatened European domination; and finally of two journeys to Alaska, the first with his father in 1869, and the other in 1902. The West Indian cruise was followed a year later by a visit to San Domingo, on the part of the author and Admiral David D. Porter, to negotiate a treaty for the purchase of Samaná Bay as a naval station. The treaty failed of acceptance in our Senate, however, as did the later attempt of President Grant to bring about the annexation of San Domingo as a whole. Mr. Seward, whose father had acquired Alaska, naturally regarded this hesitation to expand our territories as unwise. "The American Congress was not at that hour wise enough," he says, "to accept island and naval stations as a gift, though in later years it was ready to risk thousands of lives and expend millions of dollars in fighting for them." Has Mr. Seward let a concealed cat out of the official bag here? Did we really go into the war with Spain in order to secure islands and naval stations, and not out of pity for the oppressed Cubans? "It is perhaps useless to speculate on what might have been," he adds, "but it is an interesting question whether, if we had accepted San Domingo's offers, we should ever have needed to go to war with Spain at all. With that island commanding the whole Antilles, and with naval stations outflanking the whole of Cuba, we should have been able to suggest to Spain that she might gracefully submit to the inevitable and retire from Cuba, instead of engaging in a hopeless contest to keep it." All of this sounds easy, of course, but the probability that it would have worked out so smoothly finds little support in the pages of human experience.

The story of the Mexican visit makes pleasant reading because it is so refreshing a contrast, in substance, to the Mexican matter which our newspapers are serving up to us now. Under present circumstances one may easily forget that there is a Mexico of courteous and whole-hearted hospitality, of gracious manners and cultivated intelligence, of science and art and music and literature, of majestic cathedrals and spacious palaces. "Why do people talk of a 'Protectorate' for a country capable of such things as these?" was the exclamation of the elder Seward after visiting the schools of Guadalajara, with their libraries and laboratories and gymnasiums, their hundreds of boys learning blacksmithing, carpentering, weaving, and tailoring, their classes in sewing, knitting, and embroidery, their High School band of a hundred

musicians, and their girls in the music hall producing the opera of "Ernani." A generation passes, and we find our newspapers all too ready to denounce Mexico as a den of half-civilized bandits, deserving nothing but the harsh tread of the soldier, sent in from the outside to restore order (and incidentally to enable outside capital to step in and exploit the untold wealth of Mexican mines and forests and ranches and oil fields). No, it is well to get into our minds some of the real possibilities of the Mexican genius, as shown in Mr. Seward's pages, and then to wake up to the fact that the period of which he writes was followed by an era of despotism, in which republican government was but an empty name, and the masses of the people were held under stern repression, comfortable enough for the outside capitalist who wanted only security for his financial and industrial operations, but sure as Fate itself to generate a growing discontent which would finally burst forth in the revolution now in progress. It is a struggle upward,—marred by blindness and ignorance, indeed, but upward nevertheless; and it would be the crime of our history for the United States to step in now and uproot forever the national plant which has already shown what fine flowers of civilization it is capable of producing, and will again produce when the chilling storms of revolution shall have blown over and the balmy air of a freer humanity shall flow in with its fertilizing power.

But inexorable space cries a halt. On the negative side, one must say of these reminiscences that in comparison with many other volumes of American autobiography brought out in recent years, they bring us into personal contact with extremely few of the author's great contemporaries. Scarcely a single man of literary eminence during the period in question is named, from cover to cover. But so little is said of many eminent political men of the time that we must perhaps assume that the author intentionally held himself within rigidly predetermined limits.

W. H. JOHNSON.

"War Bread," by Edward Eyre Hunt, is the title of one of the recent announcements of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The author is the American delegate of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, in charge of the Fortress and Province of Antwerp. This is the first authoritative account of the Belgian relief work in book form, and presents the story of an eyewitness to one of the great tragedies in history.

TWO STUDIES OF MAETERLINCK.*

Maeterlinck is said to have defined himself as "un esprit qui se laisse aller au mystère." This is a by-path which may perhaps be permitted to poets, possibly even to a certain type of philosopher; but when their interpreters imitate them, it is time to cry "halt." To pile Pelion on Ossa is but an indifferent way of bringing into relief the sinuosities of the latter. Such, at least, will be the feeling of the average uninitiated reader after a perusal of Miss Taylor's critical study of Maeterlinck. The author has some interesting ideas, but she presents them under such a mass of rhetorical padding that few will have the patience to dig them out. Her whole book shows a lack of proportion. By far too much space and importance are given to frankly juvenile works. The chapter devoted to the lyrics, "Les Serres Chaudes," might have been made to justify itself as a sort of prelude showing the state of mind in which the early plays were composed, but Miss Taylor has not made the most of the opportunity afforded. "La Princesse Maleine" receives more detailed treatment than any of the other plays, and with the exception of "Monna Vanna" is the only one of which a full résumé is given. Miss Taylor uses it to emphasize the peculiar type of terror which characterizes the early dramas. It contains faint echoes of the Elizabethans, but the idea of the supernatural is different.

Macbeth, appalled at the spectacle of the phantom shape in the banquet hall of Forres Palace, derives his dread far more from his consciousness of guilt than from the phantasmal visions; . . . Maeterlinck's terror is a ghost that walks invisible,—his fear has the quality of the unseen, the uncertain, of that abstract and sombre power of which the shadow alone is perceptible, . . . it is indeed, the soul of the plot.

So far so good; but carried away with her idea, Miss Taylor makes an unfortunate statement at the end of the chapter. "The shut eyelids [of the Princess Maleine] hide from our imagination the nightmare vision of those eyes, the vision they mirrored of the invisible." But Maeterlinck had insisted that the eyes of the Princess remained open in death.

The third chapter, entitled "Love Dramas," discusses less the plays themselves than Maeterlinck's conception of love. The result is far from satisfying. The reader unfamiliar with the plays is tantalized,—his ignorance seems to deprive him of the appreciation of profound thought. One who knows the plays

* MAURICE MAETERLINCK. *A Critical Study.* By Una Taylor. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.
MAURICE MAETERLINCK. *POET AND PHILOSOPHER.* By MacDonald Clark. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

is reminded of the taunt addressed to Theopompus by Phalinus in Zenophon: "You look like a philosopher, young man, and your speech is not without grace, but know you are talking nonsense." Maeterlinck's *mystère*, which if sometimes puerile, is at least marked by simplicity, becomes pretentious in Miss Taylor's pages. 'Tis no such matter, one thinks *in petto* at the end of her discussion.

The chapter on the death dramas is better, and contains at least one pregnant idea. Miss Taylor is much interested in folk-lore, and frequently points out the relations between it and Maeterlinck's plays. Writing of "L'Intruse," she says:

For here, as in conte after conte, death sends his warning, the *intersigne* of Breton tradition, to herald his coming. A chill breath of wind in a windless night, the sound of tears that fall when no man weeps, the whisper of voices when no voices are, the splash of oars when no boat nears the shore, a lighted taper barring a twilight road: signs patent to the seer, but sealed to those whose spiritual senses are shut to them.

Such an influence would throw light on many a curious scene in the dramas.

"Monna Vanna" receives a chapter by itself, and nowhere has Miss Taylor succeeded better in conveying a clear impression to the reader. She marks as follows the contrast between this masterpiece and the earlier plays:

Monna Vanna (1902) is a milestone evidencing how far already the dramatist of Maleine has travelled upon the road trodden by the moralist of *La Sagesse* et *La Destinée*. The change is radical in every respect. Personalities with distinct characteristics supplant the type-figures of the early dramas. The atmosphere has lost its haze; the gray tinted mist has lifted its veil.

The substitution of will for destiny is emphasized, and Novalis's words, "character becomes destiny," are effectively quoted. The analysis of the play and the study of the characters are sound and suggestive. Given Miss Taylor's interest in searching out rather far-fetched relations between Maeterlinck's treatment of his themes and those of his predecessors, it is a little curious that she says nothing of Browning's "Luria."

The writer's treatment of "Joyzelle" and the later plays is less satisfying. Apparently she found nothing in them worthy of special interest. In passing I may note that it is scarcely accurate to state that Joyzelle "refuses the alternative, Merlin, for the testing of her love offers," as "the Magdeleine of the play ["Marie Magdeleine"] rejects a like temptation." Joyzelle accepts, though with the intention of slaying Merlin, and thus saves her lover's life.

The last chapters are largely occupied with a study of the essays of Maeterlinck. Here, as always, Miss Taylor writes too much around her subject to give a clear idea to the reader. She seems inclined to avoid the *corps à corps*. The most interesting part of her discussion is the introductory chapter, in which she considers the various types of mysticism before Maeterlinck. The old mystics had sought God in God, or God in Nature; Maeterlinck looks for God in Man. He "concentrated his interest upon the moods of humanity alone, his sympathies are totally absorbed in the contemplation of man's emotions, griefs, and desires." Once more she quotes (Maeterlinck's translation of?) Novalis: "En élargissant, en développant notre activité, nous nous transformerons en fatalité"; or, as Maeterlinck himself puts it: "Si Judas sort ce soir, il ira vers Judas et aura l'occasion de trahir, mais si Socrate ouvre sa porte, il trouvera Socrate endormi sur le seuil et aura l'occasion d'être sage. Nos aventures errent autour de nous comme les abeilles sur le point d'essaimer errent autour de la ruche. Elles attendent que l'idée-mère sorte enfin de notre âme." This note is a refreshing one, and may prove worthy of consideration to-day when denial of personal responsibility threatens the moral world with chaos. Miss Taylor's insistence on the early works of Maeterlinck gives the unfortunate impression that he is decidedly a decadent.

To turn from Miss Taylor's book to Mr. Clark's "Maeterlinck, Poet and Philosopher," is to issue from the vague atmosphere of the early plays to the straightforward impressive clarity of "Monna Vanna." Mr. Clark, realizing the difficulty that Maeterlinck presents to the average reader, leaves no stone unturned to bring into clear relief the essential features of the separate works, and to trace the development of the thought of his author. An outline of each play, followed by interpretative comments and a detailed study of the philosophical essays, enables Mr. Clark to show the underlying unity of Maeterlinck's thought.

After an introductory chapter of biography, containing brief notices in chronological order of all the plays and essays, Mr. Clark divides Maeterlinck's work into three periods, with a connecting link, marked by study of ancient and modern mystics, between the first and the second. The first period is filled with intense gloom: *plurima mortis imago* is the real protagonist. The first volume of essays, "Le Trésor des Humbles," marks the transition to the second period, one of triumphant optimism, in which character is seen to be

mightier than destiny. The treasure of the humble is the heritage of spiritual force to which every life adds, and from which all may derive strength. As every individual soul is only an atom of the cosmic soul, the progress of the individual contributes directly to the progress of the race. No spiritual gain is ever lost, and the ignorant peasant is the richer because Plato lived. Armed with such might, Aglavaine, Monna Vanna, Ariane, and Joyzelle are personalities who dominate circumstances; spirit has come back into its own. In "La Sagesse et la Destinée" we are assured "that to the sage the event *per se* matters little; that it is the way in which he allows it to influence him that counts for him."

The third period, which is still permeated by courageous optimism, shows a more prudent attitude, even a "suggestion of compromise." Man may guide his destiny to a large extent, but there are external forces which defy him. Mr. Clark has not been so successful in applying his formula to the individual works of the third period as in his first two divisions. Perhaps the more temperate tone is rather implied than expressed. Happily, Mr. Clark is not one who would pigeon-hole the author or any of his writings. He laughs at the efforts of various critics to label him, and considers his books in their interrelation to each other and to Maeterlinck's whole thought.

The intense spirituality of the dramas, both in word and deed, showed that the doctrine of the essays was no mere empty idealism, but could be embodied in character. All his works are jointly sources from which to draw his philosophy; that the stream to which they contribute takes a wide sweep as it broadens and deepens, and at times seems to leave some of them far behind, does not alter the fact that they are necessary tributary streamlets, without which the whole were poorer.

Maeterlinck's philosophical thought shows a blending of individualism and altruism, of Nietzsche and Tolstoy. Self-sacrifice is not *per se* a noble virtue. One must look to one's own development before one can aid in the onward march of the race. Maeterlinck finds greater spiritual advance in women than in men,—a belief which explains the strength of his feminine characters.

Astolaine is the first to show soul development: Aglavaine, the first to recognize that she has a soul with a right to its own existence. Ariane carries on the lighted torch to Giovanna, from whom Joyzelle bears it aloft in both hands to kindle in Marie Magdeleine the soul which has made her almost worthy of beatification in the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Clark's interpretation of "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" is striking. He sees in this play, of which the author himself speaks

rather slightly, a recognition of the reawakening of woman. He quotes effectively Ariane's words to her cowed comrades: "To begin with, we must disobey; that is the first duty when the command given contains a threat instead of an explanation."

A substantial portion of the book is given to a critical discussion of the essays. The note that runs through them all is the insistence on the power of ideals as opposed to material force. Maeterlinck's quest is for truth, beauty, and justice, and it is by increased spiritual insight that he would find them.

The theory of "the static drama," the genre Maeterlinck believes is to dominate the future, is bound up with this idealistic thought. In his essay on "Le Drame Moderne," contained in "Le Double Jardin," he writes:

What, at the first glance, characterizes the drama of to-day is, to begin with, the weakening, or, so to speak, the progressive paralysis of exterior action; then a very clear tendency to dip into the human conscience, and to grant a greater part to moral problems; and finally, the search, still somewhat a blind one, for a sort of new poetry more abstract than the old.

Mr. Clark's comments upon this are decidedly worth while:

In the banishment of action is expelled what has been considered the mainspring of the drama: the classical drama related its stirring actions, the so-called romantic drama enacted them vividly upon the stage. . . . The followers of the classical school objected to violent action taking place on the stage, and adopted the device of using messengers, confidants, etc., in order to introduce the report of any action into the spectacle. On this head Maeterlinck only seeks to go a little farther: he would consider the violent action reported by messengers and others as arbitrary and intrusive, and exclude such from his pieces, with the effect of obtaining a greater unity of action than even the rigid classical had ever dreamed. . . . He considers the demand for the strikingly spectacular as barbaric, and would weave his drama round soul-states, rather than bodily acts.

One of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Clark's work is a study of the various sources from which Maeterlinck has drawn inspiration. His indebtedness to each is shown by comparisons that are always suggestive. Among purely literary influences, the English seems to be the most important, but French, German, Russian, and Norwegian authors have left their mark on his thought. Among the philosophers, Maeterlinck is most akin to the Stoics and Mystics. Of the former he mentions most frequently Marcus Aurelius; of the latter, Ruysbroek, Novalis, and Emerson. "In Maeterlinck," says Mr. Clark, "the pure lofty dreams of the mystical imagination are blended with the simple austerity of the Stoical outlook on life."

Stoic and Mystic—both sects possessed a calm power of resistance to brute force of which the greatest of Belgian men of letters must be a peculiarly acceptable interpreter to the future. It is such a place that Mr. Clark would give Maeterlinck in modern thought.

BENJ. M. WOODBRIDGE.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT AND ITS RESULTS.*

The recent lamented death of Wilfrid Ward has brought anew to the attention of the reading world that astonishing episode in the religious history of modern Europe which is known as the Catholic revival. Begun in France by De Maistre, and in Germany by Stolberg and Friedrich Schlegel, as a natural reaction against the moral anarchy of the Revolution, it was forwarded on the continent, in their different ways, by such diverse spirits as Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, and Veuillot, Görres, Möhler, and Dollinger. But this continental awakening had little effect, at least in its earlier stages, upon the frost-bound Catholicism of England. Newman has described in a notable sermon the condition of English Catholics in the early years of the century,—“a few adherents of the old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been”; “a *gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned the light of day.” Their “second spring” was to come not from France or Germany, but from the stronghold of that Faith that had first repudiated and then oppressed them, the University of Oxford. A new and more aggressive Catholic mind had first to be formed in the nation, and the leaders of the new movement trained; and this process was performed, quite unconsciously, of course, by the “Tractarians.” With the conversion of Newman, Manning, and William George Ward, and the statesmanlike activity of Wiseman, the Catholic revival in England begins. Of it the Wards, father and son, were indeed “a great part,” the elder by his brilliant and aggressive ultramontanism, the younger by his broad and philosophic liberalism. Both were editors of “The Dublin Review,” one of the most influential organs of the new movement. Between them they illustrate the two leading types of Catholic thought during the past seventy years,—the type of Manning and the type of Newman, the type that represents loyalty to an insti-

tution and the type that represents loyalty to an idea. With the passing of Wilfrid Ward, “Newmanism” has lost its most distinguished champion, for, like his father in the old Oxford days, he too could say with truth, “*Credo in Newmannum.*”

The publication of an English translation of M. Thureau-Dangin's admirable work, *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIXe Siècle*, is therefore very timely. It forms a most useful supplement, for English readers, to Mr. Ward's delightful books on the subject, and especially to his monumental life of Newman. It reveals in many places an intellectual attitude very similar to Mr. Ward's, and indeed M. Thureau-Dangin's last work, published in 1912, a year before his death, was a digest, for French readers, of Mr. Ward's “Newman,” under the title, *Newman Catholique*.

The surprising thing is that M. Thureau-Dangin's book should have waited so long for a translator. The first volume, devoted to “Newman and the Oxford Movement,” appeared in 1899, and was shortly followed by two others, bringing the narrative down to the death of Manning in 1892. In its original form, the work is one of the most notable indications of the wide interest felt in France, during the past twenty years, in Newman and his influence on modern Catholic thinking. Nowhere perhaps has that influence been so marked or so beneficial, and nowhere has it given rise to literary work of so great interest and importance. It is quite safe to say that with the exception of Mr. Ward's writings, the best work that has been done on Newman and his school within recent years has been done by Frenchmen. The names of Dimnet, Bremond, and Madame Lucie Faure Goyau, to mention only the best known, are illustrations of the high type of talent that has been devoted to the service of Newman in France. These names suggest also his relation to the broadest and most liberal school of Catholicism, and indicate the part that he is still to play in the interpretation of Catholic doctrine to the modern world.

But if it is surprising that M. Thureau-Dangin's book should have gone so long untranslated, it is still more surprising that it should not have been translated with the most scrupulous care. The name of Wilberforce on the title-page of a book on this subject ought to be a guarantee of competence, but there is no indication who it was that “revised and re-edited” it after the translator's death. In fact, the translation has the appearance of a work to which the author's

* THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Revised and reedited from a translation by the late Wilfrid Wilberforce. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$11.

last hand has not been given, though even this does not account for its most inexcusable fault, that of not accurately representing the original. Much of it indeed is not translation at all, but free paraphrase. Whole pages are mere abstracts of important passages in the French text, and this without a word of editorial warning. Many passages are omitted altogether, among them numberless foot-notes and three valuable bibliographies. It is obvious that an English reader would be concerned to know whether the foreign author of a book of this kind had consulted the leading authorities; but this information is denied him. As a matter of fact, M. Thureau-Dangin's lists seem to include all the important works on the subject. Moreover, while the translation is, for the most part, fluent and idiomatic, it abounds in amazing errors, passages in which the sense of the original is wholly misconceived. And finally, neither translator nor editor apparently considered it any part of his duty to bring the book up to date by supplying it with annotations drawn from the most recent works on the subject. In eleven hundred pages there are only three notes by the translator, though Ward's "Newman" is a mine of pertinent information. Indeed, M. Thureau-Dangin more than once expresses regret that he had not access to Newman's long-withheld correspondence.

These faults and omissions would be less grave in a work of less significance; but, in spite of them, the book is of high interest and value to the English reader. It is a history, written from the Catholic point of view and with the most admirable temper, of the Oxford Movement and its results. There is nothing like it in English, and it is all the more valuable because of its French origin. The author's attitude toward Anglicanism is singularly sympathetic. While he makes the compromises and logical weaknesses of the Anglican position abundantly clear, he treats the Anglican leaders with a deference and respect that are not in the least qualified by his fundamental inability to agree with them. The last four chapters in particular, which are devoted to the fortunes of Ritualism, are written with the utmost comprehension and sympathy, and should prove highly illuminating to those persons, Catholic or other, who are ignorant or scornful of the beliefs and practices of the Catholic party in the English Church. Nor are the opinions of the Broad Church party handled with less liberality. It would be difficult to imagine a treatment of the subject less likely to arouse controversy or more certain to lead to that spirit of

mutual sympathy and comprehension between Anglicans and Roman Catholics out of which some day may arise a new "peace of the church."

We meet in these pages all the great men of the Movement and of the Catholic revival that succeeded it,—Newman, Manning, Ward, Pusey, Wiseman, Church, Faber, the Wilberforces, and numberless others; but Newman and Manning are of course the central figures. In dealing with Manning, the author had the advantage of Purcell's much-discussed biography, which he uses with great discretion; but in dealing with Newman he was without much of the information which is now accessible. It is the more remarkable that he should have given an account of Newman's Catholic life which calls for few if any corrections from the pages of Ward. In his treatment of these two great men, great in such different ways, and of their relation to each other, he has written with the utmost frankness and with admirable judgment. He does not attempt to minimize the unhappy divisions between them, though he refuses to attribute those divisions to any personal feeling on either side. They were due simply to a temperamental difference between the two men in their attitude toward religious truth and their conception of the best means of making it prevail. His sympathies, however, are clearly with Newman; and, indeed, judging from this book, one would conclude that the type of Catholicism represented by M. Thureau-Dangin is the type that looks to Newman as its founder. The author more than once implies his conviction that the Grammar of Assent is the foundation and starting-point of modern Catholic philosophy,—an opinion shared, oddly enough, by William George Ward, in spite of his wide divergence from the school of Newman. One cannot but reflect that if the type of Catholicism represented by Newman and M. Thureau-Dangin and the younger Ward were more in evidence, it would be less difficult for unsympathetic Protestants to understand the Church, and for sympathetic ones to justify their sympathy. But unfortunately, though perhaps naturally, it is the Manning type that, by its very zeal and aggressiveness, seems exclusively to express the mind of the Church. In any case, the task of rendering modern Catholicism comprehensible to those outside its pale is a task to which an able and instructed Catholic might well devote his life, for it is a service to religion in general and so to civilization. Such a service we cannot but feel M. Thureau-Dangin has rendered.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER.

POE'S HELEN.*

Sarah Helen Whitman, the Rhode Island poet, was born at Providence on January 19, 1803, six years to a day before the birth of Edgar Allan Poe. Her father was Nicholas Power, an adventurer and erratic fellow; her mother, Anna Marsh, a woman of fine common sense and exceptional strength of character. In 1828 Sarah Power was married to John Winslow Whitman, a young lawyer of Boston. In 1833 Mr. Whitman died, and thereafter until her death in 1878 Mrs. Whitman made her home in the city of her birth. In November, 1848, after a brief but highly romantic courtship, Mrs. Whitman entered into a conditional engagement with the poet Poe, whose wife had died early in 1847; but this engagement was broken off in the following month only a day or two before that appointed for their marriage. Mrs. Whitman published in 1860 a volume, "Edgar Poe and His Critics," in defence of Poe against Griswold and other unsympathetic biographers. In 1853 a volume of her poems, "Hours of Life, and Other Poems," was brought out, and a collected edition of her verses was published shortly after her death.

The story of Mrs. Whitman's life has been told again and again by editors and biographers of Poe; but it has now been told anew and at length in a handsome volume from the pen of Miss Caroline Ticknor. Much of the material included in this volume, as Miss Ticknor frankly states in her Preface, had already been given to the world. Here, for instance, are the impassioned love-letters written by Poe to Mrs. Whitman in the fall and winter of 1848, first published in their completeness by Professor J. A. Harrison in 1909. Here, again, are the particulars of Poe's wooing of Mrs. Whitman and of the preparations made for the wedding that was not to be, particulars already set forth in an article contributed by Professor Harrison and Miss Charlotte Dailey to "The Century Magazine" in January, 1909. And here are the sonnets written by Mrs. Whitman in memory of Poe, and some of the letters of George W. Curtis to Mrs. Whitman, a sheaf of which appeared in the "Atlantic" two years ago.

But we have also considerable new material. Now more fully than ever before we have the story of Mrs. Whitman's early years, of her friendship with Curtis and Greeley and Hay, and of her home life in Providence during her later years. We have also sundry new letters

touching Poe's strange career,—some from the poet's mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, some from Griswold, some from Mrs. Whitman herself (though we are still without the letters of Mrs. Whitman to Poe); and we have a lengthy account of the bickerings indulged in by certain of Poe's earlier biographers, together with much new information about Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Shew, Mrs. Gove-Nichols, Mrs. Ellet, and other romantic women with whom the poet came into contact in his "lonesome latter years." In all this there is nothing that is discreditable to Mrs. Whitman, and little that is discreditable to Poe; but Mrs. Lewis appears in an unenviable light, and the unlovely side of Mrs. Clemm's later history is relentlessly exposed. Both Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Osgood, we learn, disapproved heartily of Mrs. Lewis; and Mrs. Osgood is cited as authority for the statement that Mrs. Clemm was "a thorn in Poe's side" and was "always embroiling him in difficulties." Mrs. Whitman, so we are told, had "throughout her life a succession of adorers," her hand being "sought in marriage, even in her latest years." It is suggested that Mr. Pabodie, who assumed the part of Poe's friend and comrade on the occasion of his last visit to Mrs. Whitman's home, was among these adorers, and that he was in reality an active agent in bringing about the rupture between Mrs. Whitman and the unhappy poet. Interesting information is also brought out as to Poe's trip to Richmond in the summer of 1848, as to Mrs. Whitman's interpretation of the lyric, "To Helen," addressed to her by Poe, and as to the grounds on which Mrs. Whitman based her belief—an erroneous one, beyond all doubt—that "Annabel Lee" was a "veiled expression" of the poet's "undying remembrance of her."

Poe once declared that Mrs. Whitman's poetry was "instinct with genius." Miss Ticknor expresses the opinion that her "poetic contributions" entitle her to "literary immortality." We are bound to believe that this is excessive praise. Poetic gifts she undoubtedly had, but her verses lack the energy and the intensity that are necessary to secure enduring fame. Her name will live, if indeed it is destined to live, mainly by reason of its association with that of Edgar Allan Poe. In like manner, the chief importance of the present volume must be sought in the information that it furnishes about Poe and the unholy atmosphere in which he spent his declining days. But the volume must also find its justification in the fuller knowledge that it gives of the life of Mrs. Whitman.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

* POE'S HELEN. By Caroline Ticknor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

RECENT FICTION.*

There are, and for many years have been, plenty of books which tell how ordinary people did ordinary things. Some people like them, because now and then they seem to get well beneath the hardened crust of life and show us the real life underneath. It was Miss Kitty Ellison, some forty years ago, who said, "If I were to write a story, I should take the slightest kind of plot, and lay the scene in the dulllest kind of place, and then bring out all their possibilities." Mr. Howells was the chronicler of the utterance, Mr. Howells who also said on his own account, "Ah! poor Real Life, which I love, can I make others see the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?" In those days Mrs. Humphry Ward was a girl of much the same age as Kitty, but she must have had a very different ideal in literature. Anyone who is tired of books like Miss Kitty's favorite "Details" can always turn to Mrs. Ward for relief, for she never writes of ordinary people save as foil or relief, and only rarely of ordinary things.

In that charming old time when both "Pinafore" and Pater flourished, when Oxford was still full of the recollection of Newman and Pusey, and of T. H. Green and Matthew Arnold, as well as of more light-minded and able-bodied persons whose names survive chiefly in the annals of boating and cricket, there came to stay with her guardian, a classical reader at the University, a certain Lady Constance Bledlow, who was one of the most charming people imaginable. She was the orphan daughter of a rich English peer who had lived long in Italy and she had become an epitome of all that was delightful in English aristocracy and cosmopolitan culture as well as in feminine attraction. When she appeared, she made a clean sweep. Not only was everybody charmed with her, but when she went to a great reception given in honor of the Lord Chancellor she became almost the guest of the evening in place of the great statesmen, with the *voix d'or* well-known in courts and in Parliament. Fellows, professors, masters, doctors, heads of colleges crowded around her, and the Lord Chancellor himself proved to be a great friend of hers. And it was not only the learned world of Oxford which she at once subdued, but the undergraduate world also, so far as it was

able, fell at her feet. Particularly was this so with Douglas Falloeden, the son of a rich old Yorkshire baronet and himself one of the ablest and haughtiest aristocrats at the University. A renowned scholar and winner of the Newdigate and the Ireland (in a fiercely contested year), he was equally famous as an athlete and a "blood," for the story is of the day when that quaint old expression was current. She was charming if not absolutely beautiful, winning, wonderful, and he was strong, imperious, and also wonderful,—and there you are.

The time is long passed for discussing the claims of Mrs. Humphry Ward to greatness. One will find in her—as in some greater and many lesser writers—a brilliant picture of an interesting life, but it will be such a picture as to leave one with the sense of being on the outside. She always talks and tells of remarkable and wonderful and charming and delightful things and people, but she rarely gives us more of an impression than is given by anybody's talking and telling of somebody else. As one of her own people says, "They tell us they're splendid fellows, and, of course, we must believe them. But who's to know?" Even in "Robert Elsmere" was this peculiarity apparent. That terrible Squire was always throwing a biting epigram across the table, but the reader never had any of them. Mrs. Ward's world is the world of gossip, greater and less,—the wonderful *voix d'or* is known in courts and parliaments, the Ireland was won in a hotly contested year. The great world of intellect, fashion, art, culture, passes before us and we may admire if we will, but we rarely get beyond that; we are outsiders and held severely at a distance. All that is well enough perhaps; it may be that we should not be able to appreciate the ideas and the feelings of the august, but whether we should or should not is of no consequence, for we never have a chance. This is more the case in "Lady Connie" than in some other of Mrs. Ward's books; we feel that we have had a pleasant glimpse at an interesting life, but after all it is the way spectators might look at a great ball.

Nothing of this sort will be said of Mr. Powys's "Rodmoor." The world is very different for one thing. It is not the world of culture and art and public life as it exists in the general convention of agreement by cultivated people, the well-understood world of Oxford halls and charming old country houses where people are known by the color of their cricket caps or the cut of their gowns. It is an out-of-the-way and obscure world,

*LADY CONNIE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. \$1.50.

RODMOOR. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. \$1.50.

JULIUS LEVALLON. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

in a remote part of England already half washed away by the sea, a country hardly known outside its own melancholy borders. Nor do the people belong to the well-understood if noteworthy classes that Mrs. Ward is apt to deal with,—distinguished scholars, English or cosmopolitan, men of political or social position, women of recognized culture. They are people of no especially distinguishable class, and even if they were it would matter little, for class or not, they are creations chiefly of an intense individuality. Instead of being people to be admired, people of attraction, charm, distinction, people who realize ideals we may have often had for ourselves, they are a fierce, half-crazy set whom we should think it a great misfortune to resemble in any way. Not only are they nearly crazy themselves, but they are driven almost to mania by the morbid influences of the desolate place where they pass their astonishing lives. Yet with all this, there is one interesting thing about them: what they are, they themselves are; no one has to tell us anything about them. Mr. Powys very probably would give a different account of his characters from mine,—indeed, he does now and then,—but it does not matter what he says of them. There they are; one can judge for oneself.

Whatever you may think of such an exhibition, it has at least a sort of reality; it gives the impression at least of going deeper into life, of not merely viewing as an admiring spectator the superficial and conventional phases that one reads of in every newspaper or sees at every dinner table, but of actually exploring some of the deeply hidden springs of action in the hearts of men and women. Adrian and Brand and Phillippa were, and were meant to be, actually tinged with mania of some sort, but Hamish Traherne and Baltazer Stock and Linda Herrick are not much better. The only sane person in the book, as somebody practically says, is a sad-faced, religious mother. But crazy or not, they are people of sensitive and intense feeling, which Mr. Powys has no difficulty in making us appreciate.

Perhaps this may not be actually a truer view of life than Mrs. Ward's. In "Lady Connie" the imperious aristocrat of a hero is mad with jealousy and irretrievably injures a foreign artist by throwing him into a fountain. The artist recovers his general health but slowly, and the aristocrat endeavors to make atonement by going to live with him in a little cottage outside Oxford, where he sometimes sees Lady Connie who visits the young artist in the quality of an affectionate sister.

In "Rodmoor" Phillippa, a girl of a boy-like, sexless, Sapphic charm who could walk with Adrian or swim with him indifferently, is on some excursion with him shortly before his wedding to someone else. They come to a barn and are sitting down in the shade when Adrian goes up into the loft and wants Phillippa to come up too. She does not care to, and he being insistent comes down to tie a rope around her and pull her up. When she resists, he gives her a great whack on the chest with the rope. This breaks her spirit, and she becomes a woman and falls dead in love with him. It may be hard to say which of the two situations is more actually real, but Mr. Powys certainly has less of the well-established convention.

Mr. Powys does not probe very deeply into the mysteries of the human spirit, but at least he makes his effort. He is not content to give us easy references to things which are well known and of good report; he wants to make us see and feel for ourselves. Possibly he has an easier task. Really to understand people like Douglas Falloden and Constance Bledlow may be a difficult matter. It is doubtless easier merely to tell how he studied all night and how everybody crowded round her at the ball. It may indeed be easier to present these extravagants like Adrian and Phillippa than those whose true nature expresses itself in the ordinary conventionalities. Mr. Powys follows distinguished masters; Emily Brontë and Paul Verlaine have given him some ideas on the extravagant and sensitive possibilities of men and women. But of whomever he has learned, he has gained the desire to look beneath the surface and see for himself, and that desire is in itself a great thing.

As Mr. Powys seems to have the desire to get at some of the deeply hidden springs of power in human life, Mr. Algernon Blackwood goes even deeper in his explorations of the life of the human soul. His book is written with the conception of a life of the soul which reaches back into the past for century after century, and he pursues his thesis with the seriousness of an actual student; in fact, I must confess myself uncertain as to whether Mr. Blackwood is a student who wishes to clothe a great idea in a form that will attract attention and arouse interest, or a novelist with a taste for the mysterious and the remarkable who finds in the ancient belief the chance to present that combination of people and story which makes a good novel. It is fortunately unnecessary to decide; few of us even though deeply interested would accept such a view on the authority of a work of fiction of whatever excellence. If we read

with sympathy, with interest, with conviction even, we may gain a will to believe, but we shall naturally wish to go to rather different sources for more definite conviction.

Mr. Blackwood's story is one of the transmigration of souls, or, rather, of the power of the soul in our day to recall essential circumstances of its life in past avatars. There have been other such stories; one of the latest was Mr. Jack London's "The Star Rover." But while Mr. London's book seemed merely the work of an imaginative mind dealing with the fancy of pre-existent forms, Mr. Blackwood has a much more serious, even systematic, way of looking at his question and has produced a more interesting book. I am frankly ignorant of the "literature of the subject," but I suppose that from very ancient times, from times older than Pythagoras and Plato, men have looked with intense and deep curiosity at those things that happen in our life that seem to indicate that we have lived before. Whatever the philosophers have said, there are not a few of such questionings in literature. Mr. Blackwood takes this recognition, this bringing back to recollection memories of a very ancient past, and thereon builds his book. I presume I do him no wrong if I say that his particular idea seems unconvincing. That the souls of the persons of the writer, of Julius LeVallon, of the woman whom Julius had found and married, should meet after centuries and should be able to right an old wrong,—this consequence of the belief that the soul has lived in the past does not seem to me very well assured. But even if it were, perhaps it would not be so interesting as the belief which Mr. Blackwood enforces much better in the life of the soul to-day. The soul in Julius, in the friend of his boyhood, in his wife,—we do get some impression of them, or at least the impression that they exist and have a life rather different from the life to which we are accustomed. The people we commonly see in novels,—perhaps with a certain external superficiality, or moved by a deeper understanding,—do we get at the life of their souls? Mr. Blackwood would have us understand that there is a life of the soul. It is one of the hardest things to do—this presentation of what everybody believes—and that Mr. Blackwood should even in some measure be able to do it, gives his book a position apart from many books that we approve for other reasons.

Such are some of the variations—we had others in our last number—which will interest those who like to find in fiction something a little more exciting than the careful and

habitual happenings of every-day existence. If real life be so foolish and insipid, so dull and commonplace that we get enough in fact and wish to escape from it in imagination, here are the means. The distinguished life of art and culture, the fierce and individual life of passion, the deep and sacred life of the soul,—seen with greater or less depth or penetration,—these offer an opportunity that may be easily grasped.

EDWARD E. HALE.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION

Mr. Eden Phillpotts stands well at the head of England's minor novelists. A rapid writer, always steeped in the atmosphere of his subject, possessing an instinct for word pictures and an insight into character, his figure is of deserved significance in contemporary literature. His new novel, "The Green Alleys" (Macmillan, \$1.50), belongs to the industrial cycle of "Brunel's Tower" and "Old Delahole." He has chosen the hop-growing land of Kent for his scene. Comparison with Mr. Hardy is inevitable, for like Mr. Hardy he makes Nature a vital force in his story; but unlike Mr. Hardy, he makes it an agent for happiness instead of a blind destiny-bearing force. Mr. Phillpotts's hop-vines, like his Cornwall slate-quarries, remain in our minds as real and as active as any of his human characters. Under the shadow of their green alleys Nathan and Nicholas grew to manhood. Nathan, though the elder of the brothers, had had the misfortune to come into the world before the marriage of his parents, and consequently Nicholas was by English law the inheritor to the family wealth,—the hops. He was rather a spoiled darling, a master in his industry, but spiritually and too often financially dependent upon Nathan, who guided him with more of a father's than a brother's love. The mother admired and worshipped both. It was with the advent of Rosa May that trouble arose. She would be the saving of Nicholas, the mother thought; and when Nicholas did indeed lose his heart to the girl, his career appeared to be saved. Nathan, the elder, concealed his deeper love. The conflict was bound to come to light, complicated by the misfortune of Nathan's birth and by the self-assurance and the assertiveness of the younger brother. The mother's fierce partisanship, yielding to her sense of justice, and finally swept under by the new spirit of England in the first months of war, is one of the finest things in the book. Indeed, Mr. Phillpotts's characters are all splendidly true, from the bombastic father of Rosa May, who "would rather belong to the great middle-class of England than to any other order in the world," to the earnest and sterling Nathan. His descriptions are equally vivid. One breathes the very atmosphere of the hop-picking summer days, when the people of the country-side swarmed about the bins and fingers flew. These descriptions have a rare fidelity and

beauty that are not often found. The reader is impressed by the ancientness of everything,—from the ages-old inherited hops and the cherry-trees to the people whose family roots and instincts and traditions extended equally into the past. One is surprised, therefore, that possessing all these excellencies the book does not leave a deeper impression. But so it is,—charming, readable, incisive in character-drawing and yet unimpressive. There is no flash, no livening spark. And part of its failure seems to be due to the modern lack—the want of a plot. Plot laid down the cards, and character vainly tried to play the hand alone.

Turning to Mr. Samuel Merwin, we have a novelist quite as representative of America as Mr. Phillpotts is of England, and in almost every respect his antithesis. It is the polish, the artistry, the age that tell in "The Green Alleys." In "The Trufflers" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.35), Mr. Merwin's latest book, it is the vigor, the youth, the clean-cut vitality that count. And Mr. Merwin has a story to tell. His scene is laid in the Latin Quarter of New York, whither Sue Wilde, a daughter of the Philistines, had fled in search of self-expression. She was "a real natural oasis in a desert of poseurs," as distinct from the exceeding self-consciousness of her new environment as she had been from the restraint of her old. There Peter Mann, the Broadway playwright, found her, fell under the spell of her enthusiasm and her freshness, and for a long time managed to conceal from her his real nature of the posing sentimentalist. Mr. Merwin meant to make the man a posing genius, but a real genius. To us and to Sue, however, he remains merely an amusing if irritating poseur. It was Mann, nevertheless, who wrote the Broadway success, "The Truffler," a play calculated to expose the bachelor-girl characterized in his mind as "a confirmed seeker of pleasures and delicacies in the sober game of life, utterly self-indulgent, going it alone—a truffle-hunter." Mr. Merwin's point of view apparently lies between the two; we trace it in the spiritual growth of Sue Wilde herself, from her ardent search for naturalness in "the Village," through her bitter awakening, to the final emergence of her mature self-controlled personality. Mr. Merwin has made her very interesting and very real. Peter is almost real. "The Worm," who finally emerges as the true hero, is completely real—a very funny, lovable little Queedish character. The whole subject, of course, is chosen for its timeliness; there is a great deal of bachelor-girl realism, talk about theatres and films, and Broadway and Washington Square. There is a certain cheapness about the style as about the subject,—the same cheapness that one sees in our most popular monthlies. There is also an artificial construction, the working up to a climax at the end of each chapter. But the point is this,—that here is a straightforward story with very few airs and graces, and absolutely no attempt to imitate its European for-

bears. It gives the public very honestly what the public wants. The taste of that public may not be of the highest, it has not had much training in literature; but it is not going to let itself be bored, and it is not going to mistake chronicle for plot.

It would be a triumph for American fiction if it might count Miss Phyllis Bottome within its ranks. Although she has lived here and in England, the greater part of her life has been spent on the Continent. Likewise the Continent is the scene of her first American-published novel, "The Dark Tower" (Century, \$1.35). This is the purest, cleanest-cut, and finest example of the novelist's art among the books in this group. The writer has thought clearly, and she has chosen a subject worth thinking about. She has eliminated all that did not directly pertain to the story, either in the way of character, description, or dialogue. She has rounded the whole so that it stands out, with all the essential detail, an almost perfect technical triumph. (The word "technical" is used advisedly here, to signify the application of common sense to the expression of something worth expressing.) Her story is of Winn Staines, a soldier sprung from an English county family of strong sons and daughters. He wasn't, in the drawing-room sense of the word, "tame." He craved "hard sharp talk that he could answer as if it were a Punch and Judy show." He was also a little suspicious of thinking,—"it seemed to him rather like a way of getting out of things." We can't blame him for being a bit nasty to Estelle. Thirty-five years of natural living, of much hard heart-breaking work, had not served to fit him for Estelle's idea of marriage. Claire (for it is the eternal triangle again) gave him the man-to-man companionship which alone could bring him to his knees. Marooned in Davos with a "crooked" lung, hearing night and day the foreboding muffled sound behind padded doors, with the great snow peaks and valleys beckoning him as a symbol of freedom, he fought his love against tremendous odds, for "the unfortunate part of being made all of a piece is that if you happen to want anything there is really no fibre of your being that doesn't want it." A further result of being made all of a piece is that you are rarely able after the age of thirty-five to turn quite as "soft" as Winn became at the end. Winn was a great deal more convincing when he called his wife a cat than when he manfully tucked the fur rug around Claire at St. Moritz and watched her drive away from him down the valley. Miss Bottome finally seeks the great modern resource. Winn hailed the war with a feeling of complete relief. Trouble of that sort was something to live and to die for. After a last glorious charge with his Sikhs he was found lying between the old trench and the new. Baldly related, this plot sadly forebodes sentimentalism. The treatment, however, removes all reproach. It is a direct and simple narrative, motivated by truthful char-

acter-drawing, exalted to the plane of justifiable, because inevitable, tragedy. Essentially it is of the stuff of mediæval romance, made true by character, with modern ideals supplanting mediæval morals.

For "Olga Bardel" (Century, \$1.35), the best thing that can be said is that it, too, is "promising." It presents, in no very new light, the problem of a great genius struggling to be heard against odds,—first the odds of helpless poverty, next of exploitation, finally of an unfortunate marriage. Mr. Stacy Aumonier shows in spots a fine dramatic instinct, and there are many good scenes incorporated in it. The characters are fairly convincing, and never tedious. One feels that the author had no right to make his heroine quite so unfortunate,—one feels a little cheated oneself after Fate has gone on tricking her for thirty-five years or so. Has he any æsthetic right to make her suffer so much? Matthew Arnold asserted that there were certain situations, however accurate, from which no poetical enjoyment could be derived—"those in which the suffering finds no vent in action . . . in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done." Though much may be said in praise of Mr. Aumonier's work, the quotation is all too applicable here. Like "The Green Alleys," moreover, it leaves the impression of formlessness,—or, rather, it leaves no particular impression. The writer has not yet learned the art of stripping his story of non-essentials. He is still imagist, reflecting the part of life that he sees, not yet interpreting it, nor seeing it clearly or whole.

Cap'n Gid, the hero of Elizabeth Lincoln Gould's story of the same name (Penn, \$1.), leaves his native town for a boarding-house in the city, carrying his neighborliness with him. By the end of the third chapter one realizes that equal numbers of male and female characters have been introduced, and a premonition persuades one that they will walk out the back end of the book in couples. Outside this rhythmic procession lurk three horrid and unwomanly suffragettes, who are justly punished for their temperaments by being left unprovided with husbands. But none the less, the book has a charming and friendly tone throughout.

Miss Persis Dale, in "Other People's Business," by Harriet Lummis Smith (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.25), is a fine upstanding spinster who meddles in everybody's concerns to their great advantage, supports herself and her brother for a time by dressmaking, and immediately adopts five children and buys a motor-car when she comes into money. The only person in the book who achieves a bad end is Miss Persis's girlhood lover, who after twenty years' residence in the city comes back smoking costly cigars and planning to deprive his neighbors of their savings. Thus we learn that those who go away to the city lose their simplicity of heart; but be assured, good reader, that rustic shrewdness and honesty will outwit urban treachery,—the renegade will be hounded from the town, and Miss

Persis will bestow her hand, her fortune, and her adopted family upon the misunderstood but faithful store-keeper. She and her victims are drawn with a firm and cheerful touch; and they are not, on the whole, "unco' guid." The book is decidedly pleasant reading.

How responsively Miss Theodosia's heartstrings quiver and throb and vibrate to every wind of sentiment! What a lovely and generous soul she has; what a delightful exterior! What capability in laundering and in nursing babies through the measles, without the slightest previous experience! How has she concealed these traits till the ripe age of thirty-six, and imposed upon the world as a fastidious, self-centred, exacting bachelor-maid? How does it happen that in her village is hidden away a young author of equally buoyant and lovable disposition, which he has concealed with no less success throughout some eight lustra? How does any family so loyal, so amusing, so industrious as the Flaggs happen to be so ill-provided with this world's goods? The characters in this "irresistible novel of happiness" have not the defects of their qualities. They never commit faults, though they may bravely undergo misfortunes. It is really a very funny book. From a random passage of twenty-three lines we extract these characteristic words: "mystery," "precious," "sweet," "soft," "kiss," "empty," "guess," "delighted," "seldom," "little," "wonderful," "ecstasy." The scene is one in which Miss Theodosia and the young man happen to be sentimentalizing over a baby's nightgown. ("Miss Theodosia's Heartstrings," by Annie Hamilton Donnell. Little, Brown, \$1.)

Michael Lynch in "Bodbank" (Holt, \$1.35) remarks: "'Tis here, if he wishes to know his country, the furriner will recover from the impression av America he may have got from Broadway." Bodbank is an Illinois town on the banks of the Mississippi; and of its removal topographically and spiritually from the Great White Way, the author leaves us in no doubt. It may be added that we were not a little startled at meeting Mr. Richard Washburn Child on the banks of the Mississippi; we are more accustomed to finding him on the banks of the Vistula. But there is no doubt that he is equally at home here, in the back room of the Phoenix Hotel, where the choice spirits of the town (including the Judge's old fool yellow dog) gather in winter around the Sturges Blizzard King Heater, and in summer under the flapping ceiling fan, while the bullfrogs over on the Iowa shore are heard "glugging in the slews" and mosquitoes buzz on every Bodbank front piazza. The back room of the Phoenix produced the stories which are told in this collection. Several people have recently accused American fiction of drawing its stimulus from Europe. "Bodbank" is farther from Europe than it is from Broadway, and it is recommended to those particular accusers as an excellent product of pure Americanism.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

War and
the race.

It is the function of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, under the direction of Professor J. B. Clark, to promote a thorough and scientific investigation of the causes and results of war. The conference of statesmen, economists, and publicists at Berne in 1911 drew up a plan and an extensive list of topics for investigation. The first volume resulting from these studies contains two reports upon investigations carried on in furtherance of this plan. The first, by Mr. Gaston Bodart, deals with the "Losses of Life in Modern Wars: Austro-Hungary, France." The second, by Professor Vernon L. Kellogg, is a preliminary report and discussion of "Military Selection and Race Deterioration." France has been the most warlike nation of modern times. She has been at war nearly one half of the time, or 148 years, in the period from the 17th to the 19th centuries inclusive. From 1792 to 1914 war has deprived France of 3,000,000 men. Her losses in officers have been high. In the Franco-Prussian War they were nearly double those of the Germans. War has had a large part in producing the present stagnation and even decrease in the French population. Austro-Hungary has been at war 161 years in the three centuries prior to 1900, but her losses in men and officers have been relatively less than those of the combatants in the Polish-Russian War, the Crimean War, the American War of Secession, the Franco-German War, and the Russo-Japanese War. Only during the Thirty Years' War was there an actual depopulation of Austria. Her losses in officers were not proportionately heavy. France lost more officers in eleven years than Austria in three hundred. In the second section of the volume, Professor Kellogg marshals his facts to expose the dysgenic effects of war in military selection, which exposes the strongest and sturdiest young men to destruction and for the most part leaves the weaklings to perpetuate the race. He cites statistics to prove an actual measurable, physical deterioration in stature in France due apparently to military selection. The system of determining military fitness results in the return of weaklings to the civil population and the withdrawal of the physically fit therefrom and their exposure to a higher rate of destruction by disease in barracks and camp as well as by the accidents of war. To these dysgenic aspects of militarism the author adds the appalling racial deterioration resulting from

venereal diseases, which, as statistics indicate, tend to become abnormally prevalent among regular soldiers as compared with new recruits. The work is a candid and sane discussion of both sides of this very important aspect of militarism. (Oxford University Press, \$2.)

The stage
as a career.

Mr. Arthur Hornblow's "Training for the Stage" (Lippincott, \$1.25) is an attractively written book of short, informal essays on such topics as "The Player To-day," "The Art of the Actor," "The Stage as a Career for Women," "What an Actor Earns," "Some Don'ts," etc. Its author contrasts the average young actor of to-day, who is frankly commercial, complacently ignorant of the history and traditions of the stage, and often disdainful of "highbrow stuff," with the actors of another and less commercial era and the prodigious amount of study done by them — "Henry Irving impersonated no fewer than four hundred and twenty-eight characters during his first three years on the stage." He asserts that managers exploit the actor's own individuality instead of insisting on his "getting under the skin of the person he is supposed to be impersonating and submerging his identity completely in that of the assumed character, which, after all, is the very essence of the art of acting." He says that the art of elocution is neglected, and that "inarticulation is the besetting sin of the present-day stage," and is of the opinion that "one or two years' preliminary study in a good school of acting is unquestionably the best and quickest way to gain a foothold on the stage." He blames the audience as well as the actor and the manager, for "it is indeed a question if the present generation of theatregoers knows what good acting is." He writes interestingly of stage conditions not generally known — of actors' salaries, of the actor's voice, of contracts, etc. He estimates that "there are to-day in this country 40,000 persons engaged in theatricals, 50 per cent at least of whom are legitimate actors," and that during 1915 no fewer than 10,000 applied to the Actors' Fund for relief "on the plea that the wolf was at the door and that they needed immediate pecuniary assistance." It is the purpose of "Training for the Stage" "to discourage a few of the hundreds of well-intentioned but misguided young people who, having no talent for the stage . . . rush into a career for which they are manifestly unfitted," and also to encourage real ability and to "spur on to renewed effort those in

whom the call to the boards is irresistible." Its author stands for the ideal, and has contributed to the profession an honest, straightforward, readable book, if one that does not go so deeply into the subject as many readers will desire and expect. Mr. David Belasco, whose portrait appears as the frontispiece, writes a "Foreword," in which temperament is insisted upon as "the first word, and the last, in acting."

*Saints' legends
in English
literature.*

The student of literary history, the lover of religious art, and the student of folk-lore will all profit by reading Professor Gordon Hall Gerould's "Saints' Legends," the latest addition to Professor Neilson's "Types of English Literature" series (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50). Professor Gerould has given a succinct and carefully documented account of the substance, style, origin, and author (where the author is known), of every important legend and group of legends produced in England from St. Hilda's day to the Reformation, and from the dawn of the Catholic revival in the eighteenth century to the present, the whole preceded by two introductory chapters on the origin and character of saints' legends in general. To cover so wide a field in less than four hundred pages calls for extreme compression and the almost complete avoidance of illustration,—qualities that are not likely to attract the general reader. Moreover, the legends themselves, for the most part, have little charm of style, though Professor Gerould quite properly remarks of one of the collections that it is not more contemptible than much of the writing that modern taste finds tolerable. But it is evident that few of the writers had the skill to give adequate expression to the poetry, the devoutness, and the moral truth which are the notes of the Christian mythology. It is no doubt for this reason that Professor Gerould's treatment lacks the "unction"—to use a dubious word—which one looks for in a book on this subject, though his glowing praise of Chaucer's St. Cecilia is proof that he does not at heart belong to that school of critics whom he aptly describes as "wiser in Chaucerian than in saintly lore," "in textual criticism than in humanity." The motto of such a book as this might well be the superscription of the legend of St. Christopher in the Thornton MS.: "To the heryng or the redyng of the whilke storye langes grete mede, and it be done with devociōne." The story is indeed a fascinating one. The humanity of these tales, however ill expressed, their childlike credulity, their

inarticulate mysticism, their kinship with tales far more ancient—for example, the resemblance of the legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller to the story of Oedipus—these are traits that cannot but appeal, in Lord Morley's fine phrase, to "one who through books explores the strange voyages of man's moral reason." To these must be added their essential truth, however slight their historical foundation. "A saint," says Count de Maistre, "had a vision in which he saw Satan standing before the throne of God. And . . . he heard the evil spirit say: 'Why hast Thou damned me who have offended Thee only once, while thousands of men who have offended Thee many times Thou dost save?' God answered him: 'Hast thou once asked pardon?' There is the Christian mythology! There is dramatic truth, which has its value and its effect independently of the literal truth, and which would even gain nothing from it. What matters it whether the saint heard or did not hear the sublime word that I have quoted? The great thing is to know that forgiveness is refused only to him who has not asked it."

*The first great
English prose
realist.*

Who is there among those who read at all who has not read "Robinson Crusoe"? And who among readers generally knows anything about the creator of that household classic further than that his name was Defoe? Yet Daniel Defoe was not only the most voluminous English writer of his generation, but he was also one of the most gifted. In quantity and variety—perhaps even in quality of production, he was apparently unrivalled, says Professor William P. Trent, in his book entitled "Defoe: How to Know Him" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.25). In more particular terms he says again: He was "rather the keenest observer of his day, the most intelligent, alert, and well paid of the prime minister's secret agents, and the most accomplished journalist England had produced,—perhaps the most remarkable the world has ever seen." It is the journalistic quality in Defoe's work that Professor Trent first emphasizes. Had Defoe not developed his extraordinary talent as a journalist, he might never have become what he certainly was,—the first great English master in the field of realistic prose fiction. No man of letters in our knowledge has shown a greater propensity to use his pen. He discussed practically every subject that made its appeal to the intelligent interest of his time, and he brought an independent and fearless intelligence into its discussion. He

was obviously impelled by a vital purpose to contribute honestly to the enlightenment and progress of society, and in many of his articles he proves to have been in advance of his age. He was an industrious pamphleteer, an indefatigable writer of political papers, an essayist on economic and sociological subjects, a controversialist on religious questions, a moralist, an historian, a writer of books of travel, a student of the natural, the supernatural, and the occult, a novelist, a balladist, and a satirist in verse. Like De Quincey, he worked in many fields, and was remarkable not only for the variety of his investigations but equally so for the breadth and quality of his information, his sense of detail, and his grasp on facts. Defoe's career as a journalist and secret agent in the service of both Whig and Tory governments is a complicated and confusing story; in Professor Trent's pages it is made as clear, probably, as it can be. Of the moral effect of Defoe's employment upon his own character, and of the reaction upon his nature of the misfortunes and injustice he encountered, his biographer speaks frankly and without flattery. In the later chapters, dealing with Defoe's work as a novelist, we find an excellent discussion of his place in the development of English fiction. Dr. Trent is emphatic in his recognition of Defoe's high service in the field of realistic creative art. Incidentally he notes that in 1720 the journalist formed a connection with Applebee, a publisher who specialized in the "confessions" of noted criminals,—a fact which throws additional light upon Defoe's familiarity with the picturesque material utilized in his sketch of Jack Sheppard and in the more important narratives, "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," and "Roxana." Another interesting point made by this biographer is that the journalist was released from his imprisonment some months previous to the first issue of the "Review"; and thus he disposes authoritatively of the old legend that this famous little periodical was edited within prison walls. Following the peculiar and admirable plan of the series in which it appears, this volume contains copious selections from the author's various works; and these assist greatly in the interpretative purpose of the book. Defoe is not an easy man to know,—a "human chameleon" the biographer once denominates him; but a long and patient following of his elusive personality has qualified Professor Trent better, perhaps, than any other to explain him to us.

Essays of a contented woman.

In a late collection of essays Mr. Edmund Gosse refers rather contemptuously to the class of literature within which his own book falls as "those daisy-chains of commonplace reflections." But commonplaceness has its uses. We do not always wish to be startled or thrilled, shocked or entranced or enraptured; and so the mild titillation of the gently humorous, not too deeply reflective essay is often just the sort of intellectual stimulus we need. Harmless recreation of this kind is furnished by Mrs. Lillian Hart Tryon in a round dozen of bright and amusing pieces, not new to print, but new in their present attractive book-form. "Speaking of Home" is their collective title, and they further announce themselves as the "essays of a contented woman." Housekeeping is a fine art and not a coarse drudgery in this writer's opinion, and though she refrains from quoting George Herbert's familiar quatrain, she evidently finds something of divinity in the daily round and common task of the housewife. She writes about the passing of the parlor, the momentous business of jelly-making, the homely comfort of shabbiness, the pleasures of piazza conversation, ragbags and relics, on being a hostess, on buying at the door, and so on, with ready pen and a knack of hitting on the not too trite, the not too commonplace. In fact, she achieves originality in many of her observations, as where she develops the seemingly unpromising theme, "On Keeping House by Ear." Nor does she shrink from challenging dispute, as in her assertion that "every woman has a horror of social debt." Surely, the easy-going social debtor of the writer's sex is far from being unknown. If Mrs. Tryon is as good a housekeeper as she is a writer, hers is a fortunate family. (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.)

Docility as a German characteristic.

The chief points which Mr. Edmond Holmes makes in his invective called "The Nemesis of Docility: A Study of German Character" (Dutton, \$1.75) are, first, that docility, when it is a national characteristic, may become a destructive force of extreme violence; and, secondly, that a docile majority implies a dogmatic and domineering minority. Both of these conditions the author finds exemplified in present-day Germany. He believes, no doubt correctly enough, that docility as a German characteristic is not racial but is rather a product of the age-long period of the country's division and political impotence. It should be noted that the author throughout the book uses the word "docility" in a

disparaging sense, defining it as "readiness to obey for the sake of obeying, avidity for commands and instructions, reluctance to accept responsibility or exercise initiative, inability to react against the pressure of autocratic authority." But "docility" may also connote a teachable and law-abiding disposition, in which case it becomes a term of at least partial commendation. Mr. Holmes, by following the one line of meaning and neglecting the other, has drawn a rather distorted picture. A Germany docile only in the bad sense, such as he delineates it, would have been able neither to pursue the arts of peace with such conspicuous success nor to make her present stubborn stand in war.

An American poet's boyhood.

It is in a kindly mood that Miss Margaret Fuller writes the story of the boyhood of Edmund Clarence Stedman under the title, "A New England Childhood" (Little, Brown, \$1.50). Miss Fuller's family were neighbors and friends of the Stedmans at Norwich Town, and she herself attracted the attention and won the praise of the poet-critic by her early verses—though of this latter fact she modestly says nothing in her book. With such opportunities for first-hand information, she has been able to give on the authority of family tradition many anecdotes of Edmund Stedman's early years. The strict student may regret that some of these have evidently been embellished with imaginary detail; but the book is written for the general reader, and it succeeds in giving a more vivid and more interesting picture than is to be gained from the bulky "Life and Letters." The future poet appears as no prodigy, but as a very natural, original, lovable boy. It may be from a sense of loyalty and a disinclination to gossip that Miss Fuller is less satisfactory in her portrayal of the mother, who seems almost to have abandoned her gifted son without perceptible regret.

A doctor of divinity's human side.

Of the late William Newton Clarke, D.D., his biographer, Mrs. Clarke, says in recalling his personal characteristics: "His innate vein of drollery found vent in various small ways. At one time he liked to make 'Angular Saxons,' following out an idea found in the life of Charles Kingsley. He could not draw a picture of anything, but as he sat, pen in hand, at his table, he would rapidly sketch a series of laughable little impish figures in the most expressive attitudes." To readers of to-day Dr. Clarke is best known for his

"Outline of Christian Theology"—not so forbiddingly doctrinal in tone as its title might indicate—and his "Sixty Years with the Bible." These and others of his books, the fruit of a rich personal experience in the things of religion, engage even the random reader's attention to a remarkable degree. In pulpit and parish, as well as later in a theological professorship, the writer worked out in his own life and thought the great fundamental truths that find such impressive utterance in his lectures and books. Born of old New England ancestry and in the Puritan traditions, he was reared and educated at Cazenovia and Hamilton, N. Y., and preached at Keene, N. H., Newton Centre, Mass., Montreal, and finally at Hamilton. Colgate University, which, when he studied there as a youth, had been Madison University, secured his services in his closing years as professor of theology. He died in January, 1912, in his seventy-first year. His biography, entitled simply "William Newton Clarke" (Scribner, \$2.), bears no author's name, but shows itself to be from his wife's pen, with contributed sketches and recollections by a number of friends and associates. It is pleasingly and sympathetically written, and is cordially to be commended to lovers of lives outwardly uneventful but inwardly rich. It has a late portrait of Dr. Clarke, a picture of Cazenovia Seminary in 1846, and a too-meagre index.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The announcements of Mr. Laurence J. Gomme include "Verses," by Hilaire Belloc; "Ballads," by Clinton Scollard; and "The Anthology of Magazine Verse, 1916, and Year Book of American Poetry."

"Stevenson, How to Know Him," by Richard Ashley Rice, Professor of English Literature at Smith College, which is announced for early publication by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., is the latest addition to the series of appreciations of great authors.

In his new volume "Further Foolishness," soon to be published by the John Lane Co., Mr. Stephen Leacock will discuss "Germany from Within Out," "In Merry Mexico," "Madeline of the Movies; or, Saving a Sinking Soul from Suffocation."

Rabindranath Tagore's latest book "Stray Birds," to be published late in November by the Macmillan Co., is a volume of selected aphorisms embodying the essence of the Indian poet's philosophy. Mr. Willy Pogany has supplied a frontispiece in colors and the decorative borders.

Mr. Henry M. Rideout's forthcoming novel "The Far Cry," to be published by Messrs.

Duffield & Co. is a story of adventure in the South Sea Islands, which form the setting for so much of this writer's work.

Simultaneously with the announcement of the founding of the Rodin Museum in Paris comes the announcement by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., of their popular priced edition of Rodin's "Art," which should widen the circle of this famous sculptor's admirers in America.

Mr. Edward Howard Griggs's new course of lectures this year embraces "Maeterlinck: Poet and Mystic," and Mr. B. W. Huebsch has just issued a handbook containing a summary of these lectures, illustrative extracts, a bibliography, and suggestive questions of aid to the student and reader.

William Areher has contributed an Introduction to the volume of poems by Alan Seger, announced by Scribner's, expressing his appreciation of America's contribution to the war as it has affected men of letters. Mr. Seger, a friend of Mr. Areher, was a young Harvard graduate who lost his life in the recent drive of the Allies.

"The Hope of the Great Community," which the Macmillan Co. is about to issue, is a volume of essays which Dr. Josiah Royce completed shortly before his death in September. Among the subjects discussed are "The Duties of Americans in the Present War," "The Destruction of the Lusitania," and "The Possibilities of International Insurance."

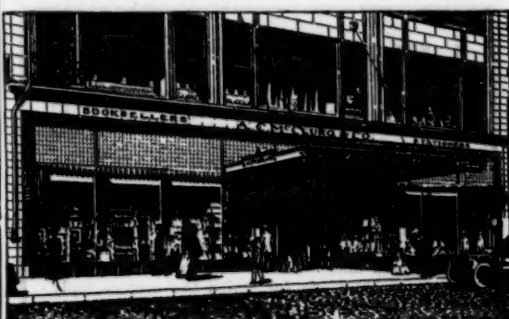
A commemorative edition of the selected works of Paul Verlaine is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour. "Paul Verlaine, His Absinthe-Tinted Song," is its title, and, as explained in its sub-title, it is "a monograph on the poet, with selections from his work, arranged and translated from the French by Bergen Applegate."

A new edition of a collection of poems by Miss Amy Lowell, entitled "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass," is in preparation by the Macmillan Co.

In his "The War in Italy," which Messrs. Longmans, Green have in preparation, Mr. Sidney Low describes his recent visit to that country at the invitation of the Italian general staff. The volume will be copiously illustrated with photographs especially taken for the Italian military authorities.

A permanent American memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson has been established at Saranac Lake, N. Y. Recently the Stevenson Cottage, where Stevenson lived during the winter of 1887-8, while under the care of Dr. Trudeau, was opened to the public. It was here that he wrote "The Master of Ballantrae." A fine collection of Stevensoniana has been gathered together in the memorial rooms of the cottage, picturesquely called by Stevenson "a hat-box on a hill."

Among the forthcoming publications of the Century Co. is a volume entitled "Representative American Plays," edited by Dean Arthur Hobson Quinn of the University of Pennsylvania. It is said to be the first attempt to include in one volume a collection of plays illustrating the devel-



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See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

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A magazine of the new era that sundry watchmen of the night proclaim to be dawning upon the Western World begins its existence this month under the name of "The Seven Arts." The mystic seven is certainly a number to conjure with, even though the arts in question be not definitely specified; and the purpose of the new enterprise to be "not a magazine for artists, but an expression of artists for the community" will win the general reader's approval. The magazine "will publish stories, short plays, poems, essays, and brief editorials. Such arts as cannot be directly set forth in a magazine will receive expression through critical writing, which, it is hoped, will be no less creative than the fiction and poetry." Among the contributors to the initial number appear these names: Romain Rolland, Louise Driscoll, Kahlil Gibran, Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, Allen Upward, James Oppenheim, Waldo Frank, and others not unknown to fame. Mr. Oppenheim is the editor, Mr. Frank the associate editor, and there is a capable advisory board—all filled with the faith "that we are living in the first days of a renaissance period, a time which means for America the coming of that national self-consciousness which is the beginning of greatness." The home of "The Seven Arts" is at 132 Madison Avenue, New York.

A forum for writers of all races, complexions, religions, and conditions, with Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite as its presiding genius, assisted by Mr. Henry T. Schneitkind, enters this season upon what promises to be a beneficent existence. "The Stratford Journal," named, as it announces, "in honour of that Stratford bard whose spirit was the very perfection of cosmopolitanism," and subtitled "A Forum of Contemporary International Thought," is issued by the Stratford Company, 32 Oliver Street, Boston. Its plan is to give in each quarterly number translations of several foreign masterpieces in fiction, examples of the best contemporary foreign and American poetry, short plays, especially one-act pieces, and essays; and thus, "so far as we can," is the editorial announcement, "we will endeavor by means of the printed page to bring together the white man and the black man, the Caucasian and the Mongolian, showing to ourselves and to everybody else that God has made us all His children, that in our moments of inspiration we all, regardless of race, creed or locality, recognize the one great truth that the world is small and its inhabitants so puny, that all we need is the handclasp of one another to help us and the smile of one another to cheer us on." Eclectic magazines of this sort have started (and stopped) times without number; but it may be reserved for "The Stratford Journal" to succeed where others have failed. Its opening number has some very good things by some very good writers.

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[The following list, containing 149 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Letters of Richard Watson Gilder. Edited by his daughter, Rosamund Gilder. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 514 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50.

O. Henry Biography. By C. Alphonso-Smith. Illustrated, large 8vo, 258 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.

The Long Road of Woman's Memory. By Jane Addams. 12mo, 168 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

Booker T. Washington: Builder of a Civilization. By Emmett J. Scott and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Illustrated, large 8vo, 330 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.

Soldier and Dramatist: Being the Letters of Harold Chapin, American citizen who died for England at Loos, September 26, 1915. With portraits, 12mo, 288 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25.

The Life and Letters of Sir John Henniker Heaton, Bt. By his daughter, Mrs. Adrian Porter. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 295 pages. John Lane Co. \$3.

Omniana: The Autobiography of an Irish Octogenarian. By J. F. Fuller. With portraits, 8vo, 310 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

Letters from My Home in India: Being the Correspondence of Mrs. George Churchill (1871-1915). Edited and arranged by Grace McLeod Rogers. Illustrated, 12mo, 305 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35.

Andrew Johnson: Military Governor of Tennessee. By Clifton R. Hall, Ph.D. 8vo, 234 pages. Princeton University Press. \$1.50.

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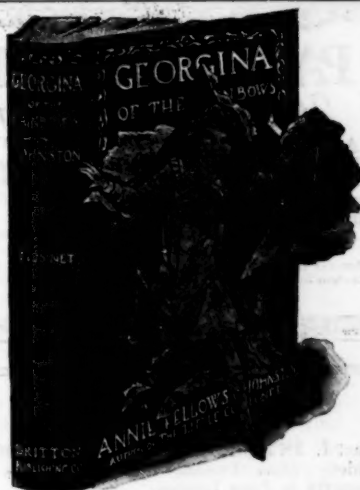
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